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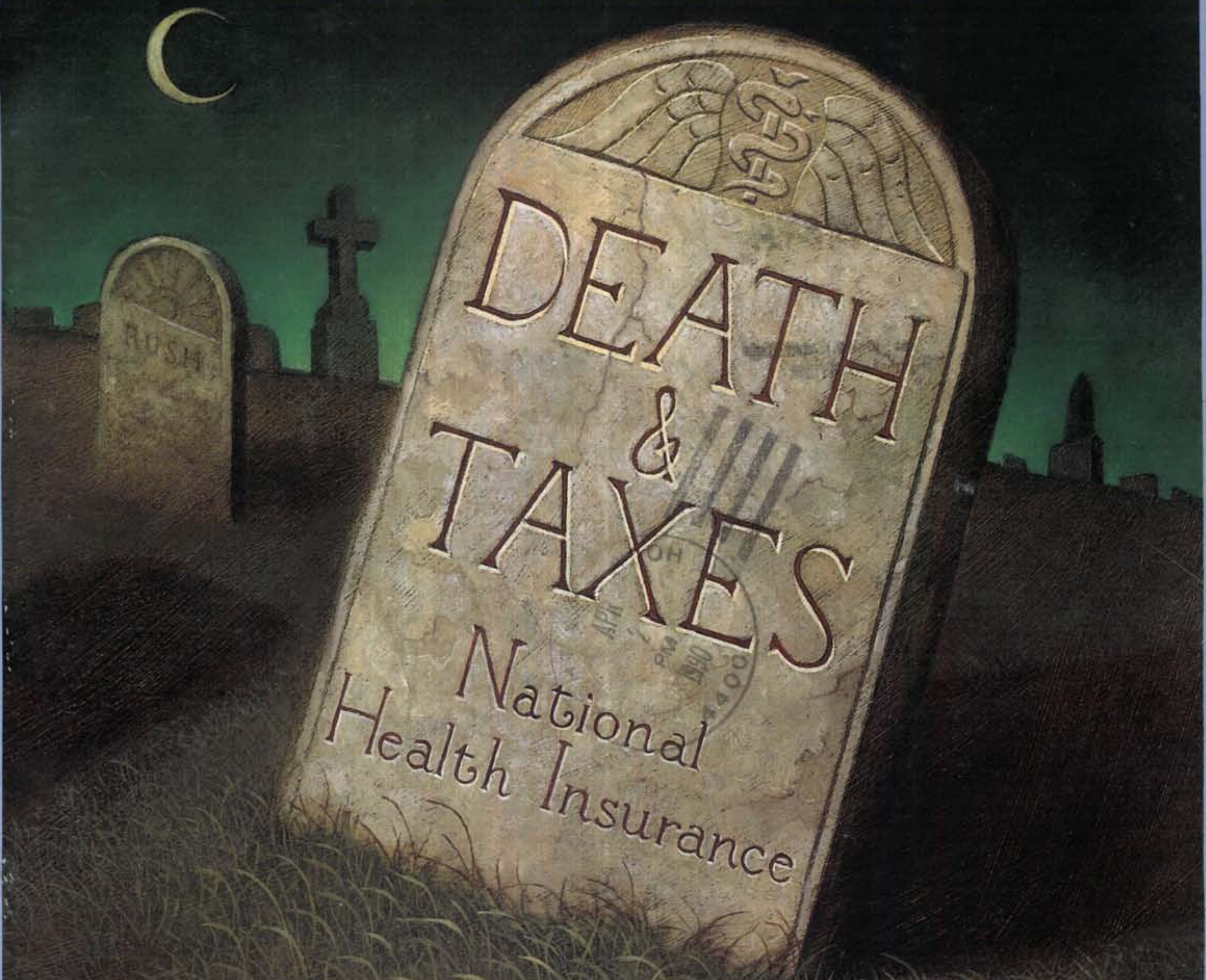
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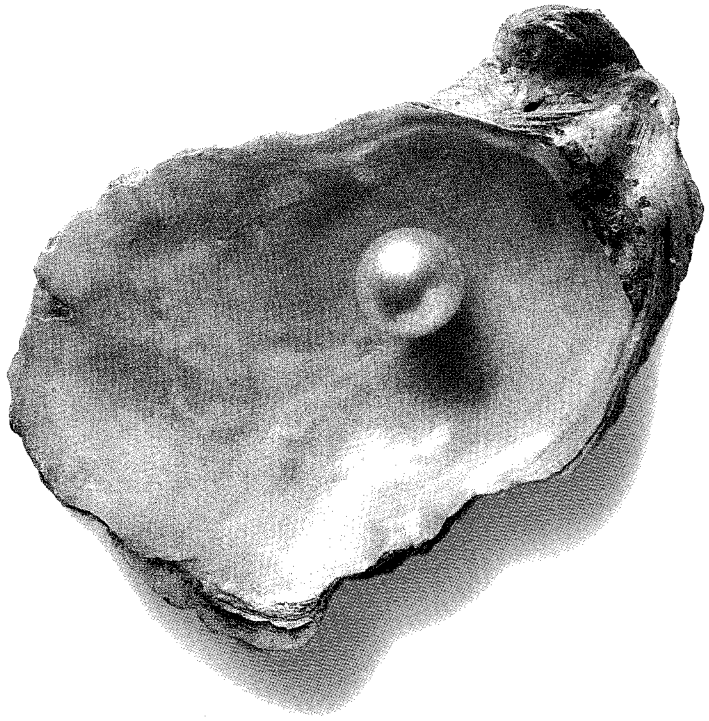

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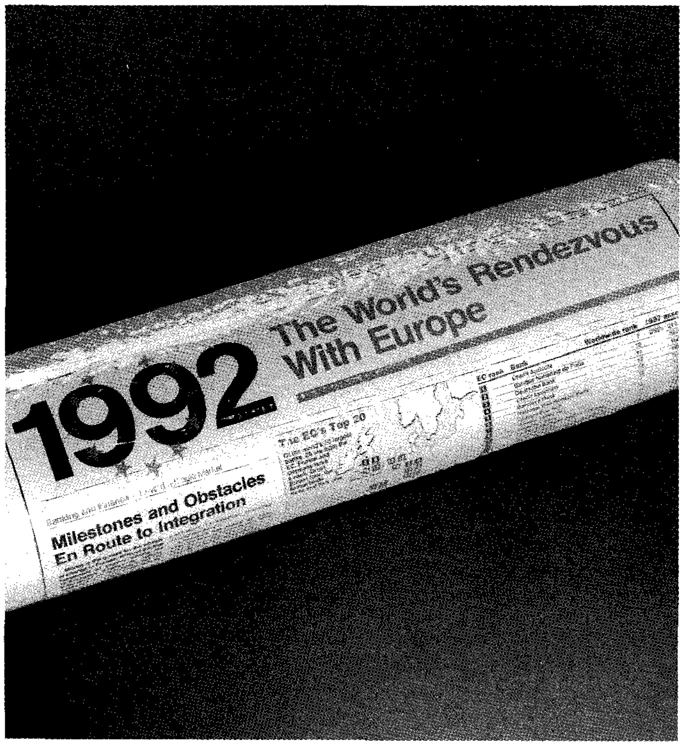
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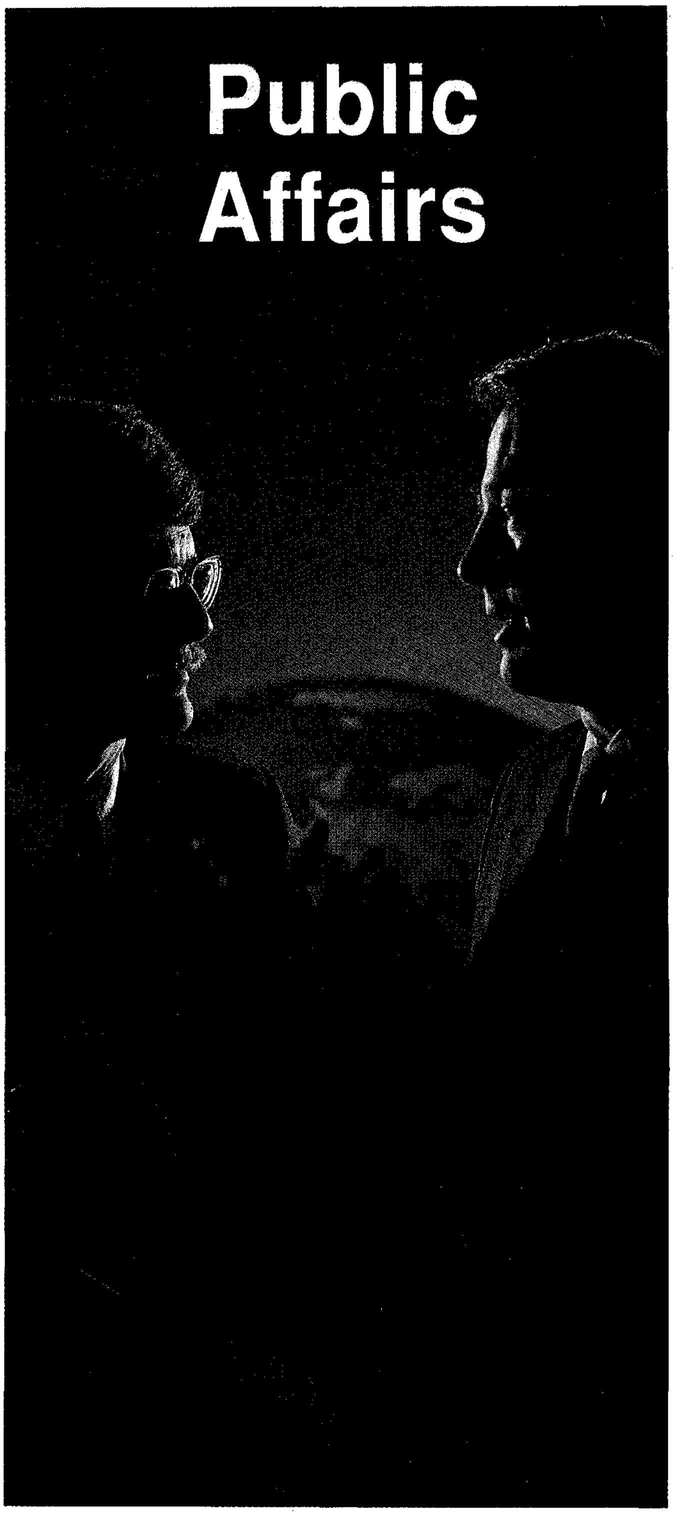
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44 **Richard Ryan** applauds William Tucker's ground-breaking work in *The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policies*. . . . In *Take Time for Paradise*, A. Bartlett Giamatti considers sport a transcendent ritual, while in *Men at Work* George F. Will shows that the ultimate sport, at least, is a hard-fought reality; **Jeffrey Hart** agrees with both. . . . With the essays in *The Voice of Liberal Learning*, Michael Oakeshott quietly and elegantly convinces **Joseph Sobran** that education must be free of all external purposes, political or social. . . . Andrew M. Greeley tries yet again to make the Catholic Church conform to modern pieties in *The Catholic Myth*; Father **George W. Rutler** points out that time has already passed that project by. . . . **Reid Buckley** pays tribute to his late friend, Ava Gardner. . . . **Ralph de Toledano** considers the twin pitfalls of remaining faithful to and overinterpreting Bach and Beethoven. . . . Tourist **D. Keith Mano** is underwhelmed by Athens. . . . **Nika Hazelton**, torn between a past when gypsies stole children, men used hat boxes, and ladies did not dress as tramps, and a present when the Soviets are trusted, consoles herself with Belloc.

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Cover illustration by Robert Wisnewski

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LETTERS

The Drug War Wages On

Michael Gazzaniga makes one sensible point in the interview concerning drug legalization ["The Federal Drugstore," Feb. 5], but in the last sentence he reverses himself. Initially he says that drugs are "everywhere, simply everywhere," and "in terms of availability, drugs might just as well be legal as illegal." Unfortunately he ignores that observation when he claims that: "If, for whatever reason, legalization doesn't improve the situation, it would take five minutes to reverse it."

And then what? Drugs would be as illegal as they are now, which means they'd still be "simply everywhere." The answer is true illegalization, i.e., unavailability. And one of the indispensable steps toward true illegalization is the abolition of the exclusionary rule. Our police are handcuffed by laws that defy common sense. Eliminate the ravages of *Mapp* v. *Ohio* (1961), and we will have the same drug problem as Canada and Mexico. Drugs will be obtainable, but they won't be "everywhere, simply everywhere."

Charles Brandt
Wilmington, Del.

While the point was made circumambiently, there needs to be greater emphasis placed on the fact that there are no addictive drugs, only addictive people. About 16 per cent of the population have addictive personalities, which is not to imply that 16 per cent of the population are addicted to illicit substances. On the contrary, many people are addicted to good causes, like hard work, philanthropy, or religion.

By far the most serious addiction in the United States is to food. It is impossible to determine the exact mortality rate as a result of people's dietary habits, because most often dietary excesses kill not directly, but by causing some ailment, such as heart, kidney, or circulatory failure.

Unfortunately we have yet to find a cure for the addictive personality.

Herbert Berger, MD
Staten Island, N.Y.

Legalizing drugs is not only morally and politically justifiable, but it will shift the responsibility for the "problem" onto the users. It is not the responsibility of the government or the legal system to protect a citizen from himself.

Justice Casey Percell
Herndon, Va.

I've yet to fear for my life because of someone desperate for tobacco.

Ross Nelson
Milwaukee, Wis.

I am very disappointed in the editors of this magazine.

Patrick L. Zacker
Sequim, Wash.

If convicted drug dealers were summarily executed, they at least would not be back on the street before the cop gets his paperwork done.

Jo Benzow
Green Bay, Wis.

Alcohol, a legal drug, kills more people each year than cocaine, an illegal drug.

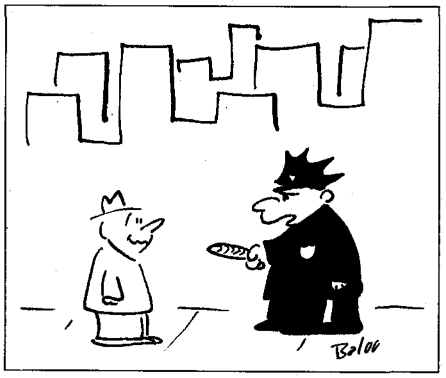
William R. Wilder
Blacksburg, Va.

Civil society does not care if someone is addicted to pretzels, so long as that addiction does not affect his performance of his job. On the other hand we do not want our schoolbus drivers using crack at all, even casually.

Joseph Keith Woodard
Bethany, W.Va.

It will be more difficult than ever to keep drugs out of the hands of children when adult indulgence has become legal.

E. J. Stanton
Flossmoor, Ill.



"You're in New York City now, buddy—wipe that silly grin off your face."

Cutting Red Tape

Ed Rubenstein is correct that nearly one-half of the nation's pension plans are not audited each year and 43 per cent of the assets are therefore "unaccounted for" ["Right Data," "The Week," Feb. 19]. It is a fact that plans with fewer than one hundred participants are exempt by law from certified audits.

But it is also a fact that nearly all unaudited plans are administered by outside professionals, are screened by certified actuaries, and are every bit as soundly funded as plans that are audited annually. Plan assets are typically invested in insurance companies, banks, or regulated investment companies.

Ninety-nine per cent of the assets of the three hundred plans administered by our firm are not only prudently invested but are well accounted for each year. The same would also be true of the clients of the thousands of firms like ours throughout the country. If small plans are required to have an annual certified audit, many of them will terminate because of the costs of these audits.

Dennis J. Dyrhaug
Administrative Resources Inc.
Eden Prairie, Minn.

Sincerest Form of Flattery

Mr. Talty ["Letters," March 5] writes: "Aristotle defines art as imitative. The source of that imitation is nature; the burden for the artist is to transmit the discovery of this insight via representation." This rests on a common misunderstanding of Aristotle.

The phrase "art imitates nature" is not as obvious as one might think. In order to understand this phrase we must understand Aristotle on the distinction between art and nature.

Aristotle says, "Of things that exist, some exist by nature, some from other causes." Those things which exist by nature can be distinguished from those which do not because, in one sense of the word, "nature is a source or cause of being moved or of being at rest in that which it belongs primarily," while of those things which exist by "other causes," which Aristotle calls "artificial products," "None of them has in itself the source of its own production." In short, a tree grows because the principle of growth is in the tree, but a building comes to be not because the principle of production is in the building, but because a principle external to the elements of the building acts upon it: It is in the builder.

Now, in the production of anything, whether natural or artificial, certain things must occur before other things can occur. First comes the shoot, then the flower, and finally the fruit. And it is the same with artificial products. To build a house, first the foundations are set, then the walls raised, and then the roof put on. If man could make a plant, or nature grow a house, the series of steps would be the same.

And this is what Aristotle means when he says that "art imitates nature": Art "imitates" the way things come to be in nature. "Thus if a house, e.g., had been a thing made by nature, it would have been made in the same way as it is now by art; and if things made by nature were made also by art, they would come to be in the same way as by nature. Each step then in the series is for the sake of the next; and generally art partly completes what nature cannot bring to a finish, and partly imitates her."

"Imitation" of nature is then clearly an imitation of the coming-to-be of a thing: the maker brings a thing into being as nature would if she could, and thus "imitates" her. It has nothing to do with "discovery" or "insight" or "representation."

D. L. Brooks
Oakland, Calif.

Helping the Homeless

Laurence Schiff plays unfairly with the data ["Would They Be Better Off in a Home?" March 5] regarding numbers of mentally ill represented among the homeless. Psychiatrists do recognize many diagnoses. But the majority of homeless mentally ill (HMI), who account for one-third to one-half of all homeless persons in most surveys, can be diagnosed using a tiny handful of these psychiatric disorders. Substance abuse is a major diagnostic category for the HMI, but without substance abuse the HMI are five or six times more likely than the general population to have serious mental illness.

I too have seen homeless persons inappropriately treated with anti-psychotic medications, but nowhere near the 50 per cent that Dr. Schiff implies. As he undoubtedly knows, a patient whose psychosis is currently well controlled can often discontinue medication and not show symptoms for many months. But if they were correctly diagnosed in the first place, most will become ill again.

Anyone who accepts Dr. Schiff's argument that the homeless aren't really ill might well buy into his other major point: that the "largest single proximate cause of homelessness is rent control." Rent control may be a key factor for some homeless Americans, but for the HMI, homelessness is determined by a number of factors. Some HMI patients are too disorganized by illness to apply for help. A few become so paranoid they cannot remain comfortably at home. Many are too weak to stave off robbery by "friends." Still others spend their SSI (government benefits for the disabled) on drugs, as Dr. Schiff suggests.

But he also suggests that the homeless choose shelters as alternatives to dangerous ghettos. When we realize that shelter people represent the smallest minority of homeless people, that most have been on the streets, and that many will return there, it becomes difficult to sustain the logic of homelessness as a rational alternative lifestyle.

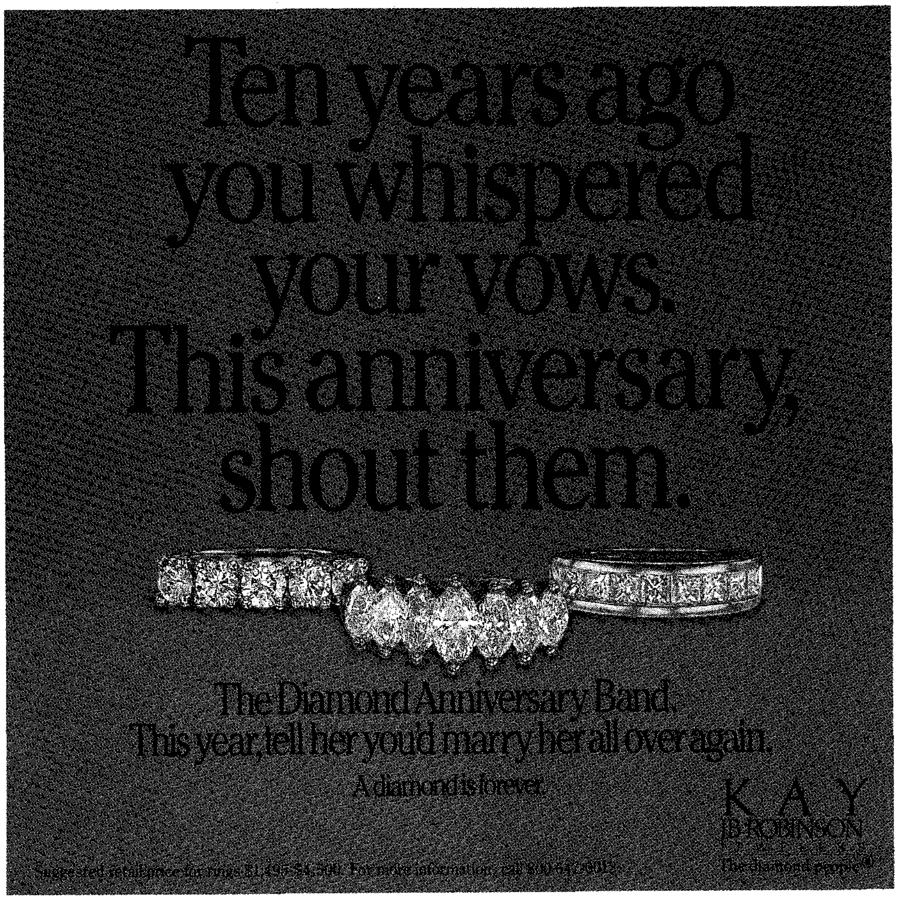
As a solution Dr. Schiff preaches decontrol of rent and decrease of government interference. But for the HMI this is but another form of deinstitutionalization, which most responsible observers have for years identified as as major cause of the HMI problem. Dr. Schiff's solution asks us to accept short-term frustration for long-term gain. It becomes pertinent to ask, whose frustration? Whose gain?

James Morrison
San Rafael, Calif.

It is precisely because so many of the homeless are misdiagnosed that surveys show at least one-third to be mentally ill. The point is that there has been a sea change in the character of the homeless population, which I contend is a consequence of the welfare state, so that the great majority of the homeless do not fall into the HMI category. For those who in reality suffer from personality disorders, with or without substance abuse (and these people are a majority of this newer class), obtaining a more serious diagnosis from the mental-health establishment is a way to receive certain benefits, including SSI.

Thus, for that small percentage who are properly diagnosed as suffering severe mental illness, homelessness is multi-determinate. But for the majority, living in bus terminals, shelters, and the streets is indeed a response to the lack of more normal housing. State controls deter the private sector from investing in new housing, creating a situation akin to that in Third World cities.

Finally, I never suggested that deinstitutionalization of the truly mentally ill has been a boon. How to assist these people was far beyond the scope of my article. But given the predilection of the welfare state for dependency creation, the wrong people are being given the job of dealing with the homeless. —LS



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FROM THE EDITOR

Speaking in Forked English

■ The press and pundits were "surprised" by the success of the Christian Democrats in the East German elections, just as they had been astonished by the defeat of the Sandinistas in Nicaragua. And I confidently predict that as this spring's elections in Central and Eastern Europe roll on, they will be constantly amazed by the victories of conservative parties there too.

Yet they feel no embarrassment about explaining the meaning of East Germany retrospectively. Thus the Associated Press "analysis": "After unleashing tens of thousands of people on the streets, the New Forum opposition movement found that the thirst for riches soon drowned out calls to reform socialism for the good of the people."

Leaving aside the fact that a "thirst" never "drowned out" anything—whatever happened to the spartan AP stylebook?—the implication of this passage is that East Germans voted for conservatism out of corrupt materialism. More idealistic people would have voted for "reform socialism."

It is a condescending argument which echoes the press explanation of the Nicaraguan surprise: namely, that the voters supported Violetta Chamorro out of a craven desire to obtain U.S. aid. It is also an argument which smells of personal resentment at voters who, in rejecting democratic socialism, were rejecting the wishes of U.S. reporters still in the grip of Sixties "idealism," moralistic sneering in the garb of "analysis."

Joachim Fest excavates the deeper causes of this ungenerosity (see page 33). But the political explanation of East Germany is disarmingly simple. Elections in a post-Communist society are essentially a competition to be least like the previous Communist government. In such a contest, right-wing conservatives have an obvious advantage over democratic socialists, social democrats, and groups with names like New Forum, which voters suspect might be socialists.

Central and Eastern Europeans have not heard the clever explanations of American journalists that the defeat of Communism is a terrible blow to conservatives. They see the family resemblance between Communism and socialism in high taxes, state control, egalitarian redistribution, etc., etc. So they keep on voting conservative, not realizing that they are the laughing-stock of Georgetown dinner parties.

■ "I was not pragmatic enough," said Imelda Marcos recently, explaining the fact that she had spent a fortune on clothes, shoes, and the high life. "I was living in a fantasy world."

Mrs. Marcos is surely being a little hard on herself. Her behavior seems pragmatic almost to excess. She belongs, in fact, to a long line of pragmatic ladies of whom my favorite is (or was) Magda Lupescu, the beautiful, flame-haired mistress of King Carol of Rumania and the principal reason he became ex-King Carol of Rumania.

Madame Lupescu was to luggage what Imelda Marcos is to shoes. But she achieved a sort of immortality by inspiring a fine limerick:

"I was stranded," said Madame
Lupescu,
When Royalty came to the rescue.
Now it's diamonds and pearls.
So, honestly, girls,
Is democracy better? I esk you."

A bottle of champagne is offered for the best limerick about Mrs. Marcos. The best *printable* limerick, that is.

■ Banned in Boston Dept. I knew we had chosen the right man to deal with bilingualism in Canada (see page 20) when our author, Peter Brimelow, was denounced there as "the *éminence grise* behind the English-only movement [in Canada] and its various offshoots across the United States."

When I telephoned Brimelow, he was indignant. "They should have said 'grey eminence,'" he complained.

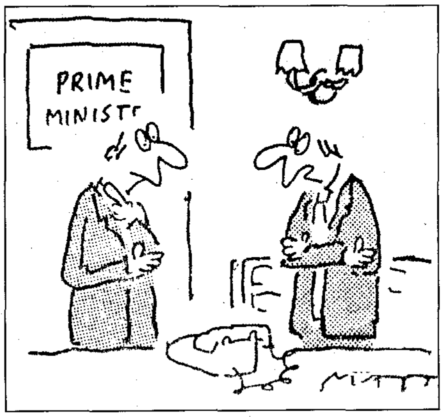
—John O'Sullivan

ON THE RECORD

■ Connecticut's confused gubernatorial contest became more so last week when Gov. **William O'Neill** pulled out after polls showed he couldn't win. Reason for O'Neill's unpopularity: In ten years in office he tripled state budget, which forced him last year to raise $1 billion in new taxes. Favored to win Democratic nomination is far-Left Rep. **Bruce Morrison** (ADA 100), whose chances of winning O'Neill thinks are dim: "People on the absolute far Left do not get elected to the governorship." Connecticut pols are asking: Does O'Neill's pullout mean that Morrison and former Republican Sen. **Lowell Weicker**, running as independent, will split liberal vote? . . . Weicker, in his usual ingratiating manner, is dismissing his Republican opponent, Rep. **John Rowland** (ADA 30, which, incidentally, is lowest ADA rating of any Connecticut legislator in Congress), as "a whiny kid." *Hartford Courant* poll shows Weicker leading with 31 per cent of vote to 18 per cent for Rowland, 12 per cent for Morrison. . . . In California, GOP gubernatorial hopes are fading as former Democratic Mayor **Dianne Feinstein** of San Francisco pulls ahead of Sen. **Pete Wilson** by 11 points. Wilson has been losing ground with conservatives by liberal stands on abortion, on homosexual rights, and, most recently, on costly Clean Air Bill amendment. White House is giving Wilson his head, because of importance of GOP holding California governor's mansion: 1990 census is expected to give California an additional seven House seats (from 45 now to 52 in 1992).

■ In Illinois primary, radical Democratic Rep. **Gus Savage** narrowly defeated moderate black challenger, **Mel Reynolds**, despite a House-ethics-committee rebuke to Savage for sexual harassment of a Peace Corps volunteer last summer. Savage, who blamed that charge and all other problems on the "white racist media," praised **Louis Farrakhan** during campaign, and accused his opponent of taking "pro-Israel" money. This last caused huge embarrassment to Black Caucus members **Charles Rangel** (N.Y.) and **William Gray** (Pa.), who attended rally at which Savage made the anti-Zionist charge but who had left before the harangue. (Both the AFL-CIO, by the way, and the ACLU are Savage backers.) . . . In contrast to Savage's racist rhetoric, Virginia's new black Gov. **Douglas Wilder** has been touring country urging Democrats to move back to the center. They should quit fighting among themselves and embrace such mainstream American values as free enterprise and fiscal conservatism, Wilder told Democratic Leadership Council in mid March. Wilder ideas are echoed, astonishingly enough, by Rep. **Barney Frank** (D., Mass.). "Democrats are anti-crime and anti-Communist and pro-free-enterprise," says Frank, "but we have been intimidated out of saying so by fear of people on our left. We have been too attentive to the emotional needs of our own Left—of which I am in many ways a member."

■ "McCarthyism," shrilled the *Washington Post* in one story covering Lithuania's first free elections in fifty years. "Some of the questions from the audiences at election meetings have the chilling sound of: Are you now, or have you ever been, a member of the Communist Party?" wrote *Post*'s reporter. A question that would seem to have some relevance this week as Soviet tanks rolled through Vilnius. . . . Czech President **Vaclav Havel**, who is calling for a new pan-European security system, points out that NATO and Warsaw Pact had dissimilar missions in postwar years. NATO guaranteed freedom to most of Western Europe while the Warsaw Pact "was suppressing it in Eastern Europe," says Havel. . . . **Rupert Murdoch**, who is moving into Central European communications in big way, last week signed up Polish TV channel that heretofore has reported Soviet news. . . . Panama has expelled Cuba's ambassador until such time as **Fidel Castro** agrees to recognize the new **Endara** government. . . . *Village Voice* has explained why some U.S. reporters wept at Sandinista campaign headquarters the night **Daniel Ortega** was defeated. "[It was because] they so infrequently are able to cover a politician who transmits the sort of principle and deep-seated integrity [of an Ortega]." . . . President **Oscar Arias** of Costa Rica was not surprised by Ortega's defeat. He told **Dan Quayle** the day Nicaraguans went to the polls that **Violetta Chamorro** would win. Why? Because "the people of Nicaragua are not much different from the people of Costa Rica, the people of El Salvador, the people of Poland, or Czechoslovakia. Given a chance to vote for freedom, they will vote for freedom."



"Would it be breaking sanctions if she accepted a reverse-charge call from Mr. Mandela?"

© Matt, *Punch* / Rothco

■ Great Idea: GOPAC will hold a nationwide satellite broadcast: "The American Opportunities Workshop: Common-Sense Solutions for the 1990s" on May 19. It will be an interactive program with Rep. **Newt Gingrich** hosting a ninety-minute TV discussion of issues for the new decade. To find out how to participate call 800-872-2798, or write GOPAC, Suite 400, 440 First St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20001.

■ Only in Texas: "KILLER TRANS-SEXUAL IN RUNOFF," *Houston Chronicle* headlined runoff race for county chairman of Harris County (Houston). Race pits **Lloyd Bentsen** nephew **Ken Bentsen Jr.** against **Leslie Elaine Perez**, a transvestite who has served time for murder.

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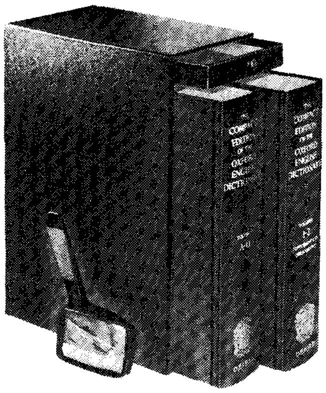

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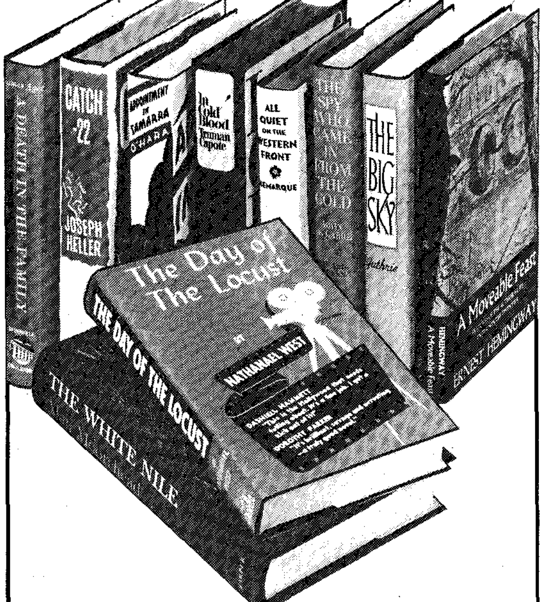

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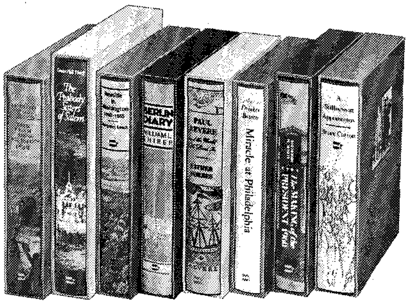

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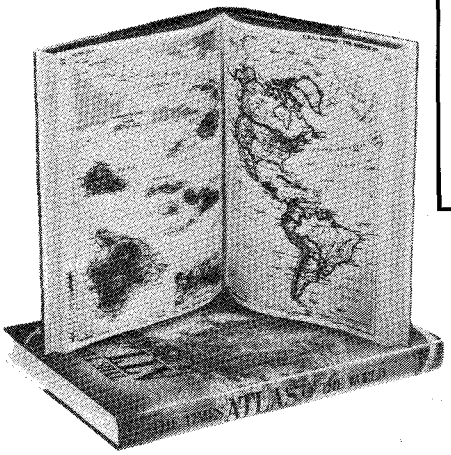

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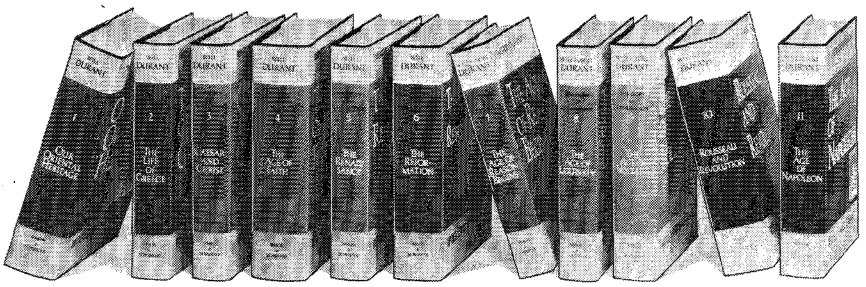

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THE WEEK

■ George Bush says that now that he's President, he doesn't have to eat broccoli. Let's see Tom Foley top *that.*

■ The anguished Richard Gephardt pronounced himself "embarrassed, almost ashamed" over the fact that we Americans "have so much and are asking so little of ourselves." President Bush and other leaders must, cried Gephardt, demand greater "sacrifices" from the American people. Read our lips, Mr. Gephardt: No new sacrifices.

■ Vice President Quayle, in Chile, purportedly purchased a small but striking *objet d'art,* one both iconic and bold in symbolizing the ancient mystery of human fertility, lovingly crafted within the indigenous artistic tradition. Presumably he will send the bill to the National Endowment for the Arts.

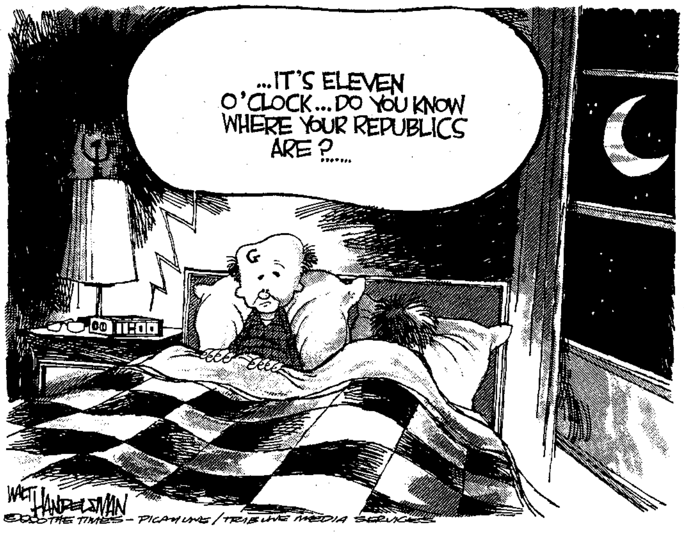
■ With all the porn and blasphemy merchants getting NEA subsidies, the Federal Government is finally in a position to do something about contemporary art. Now that artists are on the payroll like farmers, we can pay *them* not to produce anything.

■ And a news story's reference to Lee Atwater's "pit-bull style of politics" reminds us: political sins only seem to acquire names when Republicans practice them: McCarthyism, Watergate, Iran–Contra, the Imperial Presidency, dirty tricks, etc. Nobody called it "negative campaigning" when good old Harry Truman was giving 'em hell. Even Lyndon Johnson never managed to get a crime named after him. Come to think of it, neither did Alger Hiss. "McCarthyism," you might say, is a coinage from the heyday of Hissism.

■ Mario Cuomo is facing a budget gap of $1.5 billion, as we reported last issue in "Right Data." "New York has spent beyond its income long enough," the governor told a special joint session of the legislature in Albany. *Gotcha!* What Cuomo proposes to do about it, naturally, is forgo a scheduled cut in state-income-tax rates; raise taxes on corporations; and maybe throw in a gasoline tax. (Over the last seven fiscal years, by the way, state spending grew by a whopping 81.9 per cent, almost three times the rate of inflation over that period.) New Yorkers fleeing the increased tax burden will not be fleeing to New Jersey, however, whose new Democratic governor, Jim Florio, has announced the introduction of steeply progressive income-tax rates which one supporter called, approvingly, "class warfare." Florio's not running for President, so he can get away with this sort of thing. What's wrong with the other guy?

■ After his ship, the *Exxon Valdez,* ran aground last fall spilling ten million gallons of crude oil into Prince William Sound, Joseph Hazelwood immediately became a villain. Newspapers published, in two-inch type, rumors that he was sailing drunk; a New York judge set his bail at $1 million, comparing the spill to the bombing of Hiroshima. Now an Alaska jury has acquitted Hazelwood on all serious charges, citing a lack of evidence of drunkenness and finding his absence from the bridge at the moment of the accident in keeping with standard practice. It seems juries still do a good job of weighing evidence rather than emotion—a distinction the rest of the legal system has trouble making. Judge Karl Johnstone, citing "community outrage" over an accident the jury said wasn't Hazelwood's fault, ordered the captain to do one thousand hours of community service and pay $50,000 in restitution, though under Alaska law $1,000 is the maximum fine.

■ The Postal Service wants to raise its rates again. That's understandable, since costs have risen 46 per cent faster than general inflation since the last hike in April 1988—at which time costs had risen 30 per cent faster than general inflation since the previous hike. Why? Because management routinely caves in to the union. Veteran postal workers earn over $42,000 a year, 20 per cent more than they would earn in comparable private-sector jobs, and the union won't accept more than a handful of part-time employees. As long as management can pass costs along, it's not going to fight the unions. The answer is privatization. Either sell off the Postal Service, following the enormously successful model of British


...IT'S ELEVEN O'CLOCK...DO YOU KNOW WHERE YOUR REPUBLICS ARE ?......
G
WALT HANDELSMAN

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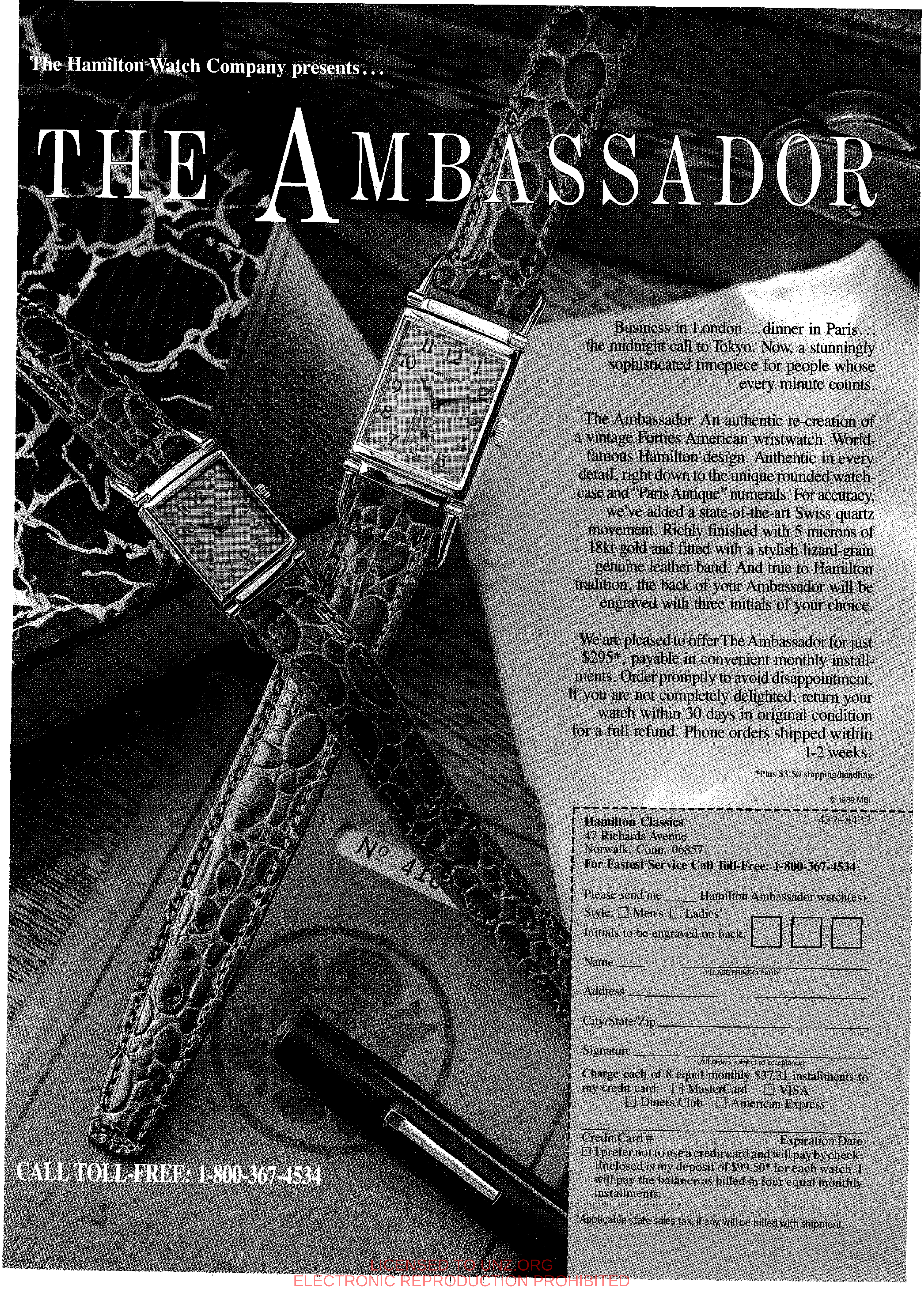

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Telecom, or at least change the law to allow competition. After a 1970 reform UPS grabbed over 90 per cent of the parcel business; Federal Express and other overnight services are huge success stories. Since a quasi-privatization in 1987, New Zealand's post office has cut paperwork by 90 per cent and its workforce by 20 per cent—without cutting service. If President Bush wants to boost his popularity yet higher, wiping out an offense against every literate adult would be a smart move.

■ The United States plans to kick in up to 10 per cent—$1 billion—of the capital for the new European Bank for Reconstruction and Redevelopment, the First World's Marshall Plan for Central and Eastern Europe. Washington's policy, as enounced by Treasury Secretary Nicholas Brady, is to insist that the Soviet Union get no more out of the bank than it contributes in capital (6 per cent). The Soviets hope to get a lot more by requiring the other beneficiaries of the plan to pay hard currency for Soviet energy supplies, on which they depend. The solution: Making sure the bank encourages diversification of energy sources. And: Eternal vigilance.

■ Last month's attempt by elements in the Afghan Communist army to take Major General Najibullah's presidential palace by bombing it from the air showed all the bravado and incompetence usually associated with the *mujahedin*. The coup's failure demonstrated once again the Afghan president's unique blend of cunning, ruthlessness, and courage, which has kept him in power well beyond most commentators' expectations. It has also shown that even in Najibullah's closest circle there are men who realize that peace is impossible as long as that butcher is in charge. Moscow continues to prop up its Afghan puppet—but its resolve is weakening. The recent collapse of the Afghan currency—remarkably stable through an entire decade of revolution and war—would suggest that Moscow's subsidies have been cut back and that the regime is spending its way out of budgetary constraints by printing worthless money. If this is so, then its days are numbered. With the fading of the Soviets' global military challenge, support for the Afghan *mujahedin* may no longer be a geopolitical necessity for the U.S., but we still owe them help in getting rid of Najibullah's murderous regime. They bore the brunt of the last Soviet imperial push and hastened the evil empire's decline.

Let the Stew Simmer

If the Soviet Union's about to implode
  Like a star that goes dark in the sky,
I shall view the event like a motionless toad,
  With telescope clamped to my eye.

W. H. VON DREELE

■ Israel enters its 16th month of deep recession, with the nation's political leaders still blaming the economic malaise on the Palestinian uprising. But a different war—waged by Israel's government and society against capitalism—is the more likely culprit. In *Scorecard on the Israeli Economy: A Review of 1989*, Hoover Institution economist Alvin Rabushka details policies that are the opposite of those being embraced by other socialist nations. While Central Europe was dumping income redistribution in favor of economic-growth policies last year, Israel raised the top income-tax rate from 48 per cent to 51 per cent. Most planned economies expanded the role of market pricing in 1989; the Israelis slapped price controls on half of all goods. The Soviets are learning to "just say no" to failing industries; Israel bails out everything from billion-dollar conglomerates to small *kibbutzim*. Solidarity accepts lower wages and higher unemployment as the price of regaining Poland's international competitiveness, while the Histadrut, the labor union in which most of Israel's workers are enrolled, insists on wage indexation. The influx of Soviet Jews may represent the last, best hope for capitalism in Israel. Having fled the Soviet economic calamity, they, in Rabushka's view, are unlikely to have patience with Israeli socialism.

■ The still-Communist-dominated city council of Krakow, Poland, has elected as mayor a member of the Green Party. The new mayor, to minimize air pollution, plans to raze sections of the Nowa Huta steel mill, which employs approximately thirty thousand people, eliminating up to a quarter of those jobs. He also proposed converting to higher-grade ore, namely pig iron from Brazil, but he has now rethought this position upon learning "that pig iron is the bane of the Green Party of Brazil." Apparently, its production requires the annual harvest of thousands of acres of Amazon rain forest. Fortunately there is a simpler solution to his city's pollution problem. A coal-burning power-generating plant, which causes twice as much damage as the steel mill, is to be replaced by a nuclear-power facility. Let's hope news of *this* doesn't reach Greenpeace.

■ HERE WE GO AGAIN: The only non-Communist member of Mikhail Gorbachev's new cabinet is named Valentin G. Rasputin.

■ Mass graves have been discovered at the site of a Soviet prison camp that operated after World War II in East Germany. It has been estimated that 65,000 men, women, and children were executed by Soviet forces after the war. Such disclosures of Soviet atrocities are only now being confirmed, as Central European countries are gradually escaping the iron grip. No such histories are yet available from Lithuania, but they will be, sooner or later, as the history of Communism begins to be honestly written.

■ This is the time of year when a young fan's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of baseball. But spring training was not to be this year, thanks to the owners' lockout. The price of the last-minute agreement that saved Opening Day was extending eligibility for salary arbitration to ballplayers with less than three years in the pros, jacking up the owners' contribution to the players' retirement fund, and raising the minimum salary from $68,000 per year to $100,000—none of which is based on performance. Sounds as if they've been listening to Congress.

■ The Roman Catholic Church last month sent its draft of a new catechism to the American bishops for their prayerful consideration. The idea, explained Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger, the Vatican's arbiter in matters of doctrine, was to set forth once again the essentials of Catholicism. Just how much prayerful reflection the prelates gave it before lunging for their phones to call the media, one doesn't know. But their reaction was itself the best possible proof of the need for such a document. A brazen attempt to "nullify" the great gains of Vatican II, one prelate told *Time* magazine. Too hung up on the concepts of "duty and obedience," instead of emphasizing "personal responsiveness" to God, replied another. Full of "preconceived dogmatic points" instead of "accommodating multiple views." And so on. It is once again a case of the prelates scolding the Church for failing to live up to their standards, rather than seeking quietly to live up to the standards of the Church. Especially sad that to learn what his humble shepherds are saying to the flock, Cardinal Ratzinger has had to hear it second-hand from the wolves: *Time*, *Newsweek*, the *New York Times*.

■ Did you know that the state of New Hampshire has a) the lowest per-pupil expenditure in the nation, and b) the highest SAT scores in the nation? This leads us to suggest a vast new program for American education which will cost, well, zero. The program is called: Homework.

■ Almost to a man, film reviewers are calling *The Hunt for Red October* "the last cold-war thriller." Last? It's damn near the *first*. Hollywood has been giving us posthumous anti-Nazi thrillers for 45 years. But one whiff of *glasnost*, and a promising new genre is nipped in the bud.

■ An IRS computer, faithfully reflecting the thinking of its masters, has billed a Massachusetts woman $54.94 in interest and penalties for her alleged underpayment of ten cents three years ago.

Occupying Lithuania

SOVIET ACTIONS toward Lithuania, which are still at an early uncertain stage as we go to press, will determine the course of East–West relations for months, maybe years. They have already forced some reappraisal of the boundless optimism that has passed for policy in Congress, the media, and certain elements of the Administration.

It is clear, as *NR* argued at the time, that the U.S. blundered badly in approving the military suppression of riots in Baku and giving Moscow permission to invade Rumania before that. Such indulgences were both unnecessary—we could have contented ourselves with regretting any bloodshed—and based on a highly selective view of the local situation. The ethnic tensions in Azerbaidzhan, as Bill Keller of the *New York Times* has superbly documented, while rooted in reality, were deliberately heightened by the KGB to create the justification for a crackdown. Our endorsement of Soviet action thus told Gorbachev that the U.S. was disposed to accept the Soviet view of "internal" disputes and to approve, tacitly if not openly, the use of force in settling them.

That must have been manna from heaven to the Soviet president, grappling as he is to prevent national aspirations from breaking up the Soviet Union. Since Lithuania's departure would stimulate such aspirations in, for example, the Ukraine, he already had strong incentives to resist it. We proceeded to give him another one when President Bush, asked to recognize Lithuania's declaration of independence, waffled. Administration officials even referred to the dispute as an "internal matter." That was another needless and inflammatory concession, since the U.S. has never withdrawn recognition from Lithuania. Admittedly, Administration statements have become tougher as Soviet policy has grown increasingly hard-nosed. But the damage had been done: Soviet troop convoys were rumbling through Vilnius.

U.S. policy is, of course, only one factor in Gorbachev's calculations. Russian national feeling is a far more pressing one. But together they seem to have produced his present policy of threats, bullying, and limited force against the Lithuanians. There is an ominous echo of Keller's report of the Baku suppression in the bogus reports, now filling the Soviet media, of anarchy in the peaceful streets of Lithuania. (*Glasnost*, it seems, extends to neither television news nor vital Politburo interests, which is not something to forget any time soon.)

What now happens if the Lithuanians continue to resist? Will Gorbachev brutally suppress them? If so, whatever fantasies of ruthless *Realpolitik* are entertained in the State Department, U.S. public opinion will force the Administration to impose economic sanctions upon the Soviet regime, if only temporarily. Will Gorbachev then accede to Lithuanian independence? In which case, the other restive Soviet republics will assume that all his threats are mere bluffs and the move to independence will become a stampede. A fine old mess Gorby, with Bush's help, has got himself into.

Defense Secretary Dick Cheney, embroiled in a dispute with the CIA over the Soviet Union's military threat, is almost alone in being able to take a melancholy comfort from the crisis. The CIA has a history of underestimating Soviet muscle, even as it overestimates Soviet economic performance. Its argument rests in addition on a pacific interpretation of Soviet foreign policy. But events in Lithuania show that the CIA cannot predict Soviet intentions even in the shortest of terms. And since the USSR remains a superpower in terms of nuclear and conventional force, it ipso facto remains a potential threat. There's no peace dividend yet.

Crime without Punishment

DEMOCRATIC POLITICIANS have suddenly discovered the importance of law and order, some 25 years after the rest of us. Among those who have recently endorsed the death penalty in political campaigns are former Texas Governor Mark White, Texas Attorney General Jim Mattox, and, most startling of all, former San Francisco Mayor Dianne Feinstein.

They are certainly onto something. Violent crime, excluding drug-related offenses, rose by more than 43 per cent in the last decade. About six hundred thousand persons are in prison. They are but a small proportion of the rising criminal population. For fewer than 3 per cent of all felonies lead to imprisonment. First convictions—treated unrealistically as first offenses—are on the house: they bring probation. We parole most convicts, although 62 per cent are soon rearrested on felony charges. (The others got away.) Minor crimes (e.g., vandalism) are ignored, thereby encouraging major ones. Sentences are also reduced by furloughs and "time off for good behavior" which may cut them by 50 per cent.

But how serious are the Democrats in their new guise as real tough hombres? Their focus on the death penalty seems suspicious to us. Last year there were nearly twenty thousand homicides in the U.S.—and 11 executions. More executions will not of themselves produce a marked improvement in the safety of the public. Until punishment in general becomes more certain, swifter, and more severe, criminals will continue to run small risks. As long as crime pays, we will have more of it.

Sensible people have long realized that rehabilitation is only a remote possibility. Not so the legal establishment. One can commit many crimes with little fear of punishment if one is young, as most criminals are. Juveniles have effective immunity, wherefore—surprise—juvenile crime has risen fastest. (There is no evidence that juveniles are rehabilitated more readily than others. Aging actually rehabilitates more than any "treatment.")

Where should we put all who belong in jail? Aren't prisons overcrowded and costly? Judges have volunteered to become real-estate agents. But the law nowhere tells judges to reduce imprisonment when jails are crowded, any more than to increase it when there are vacancies. A convict does not become less guilty because there is less room. Crowding and cost are problems for legislatures, not judges: legislatures can change laws, or build more prisons, or make them less costly. But they won't do much as long as courts reduce the prison sentences instead.

What can be done? We need to reduce the discretion that state judges abuse in sentencing. Most punishments should be mandatory. We need more judges and prosecutors and simplified procedures. (The rules that exclude evidence of guilt should be abolished.) We need more prisons; even Quonset huts would do. Prisoners should be allowed to work and be paroled only if they work well. And juveniles (over 14) should receive special treatment only if the defense can show that they did not understand what they were doing, or that it was wrong. When liberal Democrats endorse *these* reforms, we will believe that their present campaigns are more than deathbed conversions.

—ERNEST VAN DEN HAAG

Statistical Justice

AT THE SAME TIME that the United States pursues a "race-neutral" policy in South Africa, some members of Congress seem determined to create a domestic regime in which race becomes the paramount consideration. The latest "civil rights" initiative, introduced by Senators Edward

Reinforcements Arrive

Nelson Mandela, whose socialist speak
Sounds like a born-again Brezhnev antique,
Charms what remains of the liberal-Left,
Which, with Fidel, has been feeling bereft.

W. H. VON DREELE

Kennedy and James Jeffords (the latter, a Republican from Vermont, quickly replacing Lowell Weicker as the senator most likely to confer "bipartisan" status upon the proposals of the former), would overturn several important civil-rights decisions handed down last term by the Supreme Court.

This continues a familiar legislative pattern over the past decade. To tinker with High Court decisions that are compatible with liberal interests, it is argued, reflects disrespect for the Court and the Constitution. Where the liberal ox is gored, however, legislative responses are entirely appropriate. That is why, for example, a Senator Packwood can trash a "right-to-life" constitutional amendment during *Roe*'s ascendancy on the grounds that it would contravene the magisterial pronouncement of the Court, but now, post-*Webster*, urge enactment of his own "right-to-choice" amendment. It is also why virtually every civil-rights decision by the Court over the past decade that was at all favorable to conservatives has been met with successful congressional overrides.

The latest civil-rights proposal is perhaps the boldest of all in moving toward unambiguous racial quotas in the private sector. Whereas discrimination as

RIGHT DATA

Who Has Capital Gains?

ONLY 296,000 taxpayers had Adjusted Gross Income (AGI) of $200,000 or more in 1985, according to the IRS. But this small group, only 0.3 per cent of all taxpayers, accounted for 5.8 per cent of total income and 45.3 per cent of all capital-gains income that year. Taken at face value this shows an overwhelming concentration of capital gains at the upper incomes. But how much of the apparent high income of capital-gains recipients is due to the gains themselves, and therefore not likely to be repeated in subsequent years? A sizable proportion, judging from data provided by the Joint Tax Committee:

PERCENTAGE OF CAPITAL GAINS
GOING TO VARIOUS INCOME GROUPS, 1985

Income Group	AGI	AGI Less Capital Gains
Less than $10,000	6.27	15.08
$10,000 to $30,000	6.66	11.40
$30,000 to $50,000	10.38	11.94
$50,000 to $75,000	10.72	13.26
$75,000 to $100,000	6.09	9.13
$100,000 to $200,000	14.62	13.81
$200,000 and over	45.26	25.38

When income is defined so as to exclude capital gains, the percentage of capital gains going to individuals making $200,000 and over falls from 45.3 per cent to 25.4 per cent, while the percentage going to people earning $30,000 or less rises to 26.5 per cent from 12.9 per cent. If income is defined as wages and salaries, individuals earning $200,000 and above received only 13.0 per cent of all capital gains in 1985.

There is good reason to exclude capital gains in measuring wealth. A businessman who retires and sells his business for a $500,000 gain will be counted among the nation's very wealthiest individuals in the year he retires, though his normal income may be very modest. The same thing happens, albeit to a lesser degree, to people who sell stock or bonds to pay for their children's college tuition or a wedding. To the extent that gains are one-time or sporadic events, annual income including the gain will overstate the "permanent" income of the taxpayer, and overstate the concentration of gains among the wealthy.

Such examples appear to be the norm rather than the exception. An analysis of IRS data for the years 1979 through 1983 found that only 16 per cent of taxpayers with capital gains reported gains every year; 44 per cent reported them only once. In 1984, 43 per cent of taxpayers reporting capital gains of $100,000 or more had ordinary, predictable income of $50,000 a year or less.

The tax code recognizes this problem in the case of the sale of a home, where taxpayers age 55 and over are allowed a lifetime capital-gains exclusion of $125,000. But capital-gains taxes still overburden the elderly, who have had time to accumulate assets: taxpayers over age 65 pay about 11 per cent of the nation's total income tax but more than 26 per cent of the capital-gains tax.

Inflation exacerbates the problem of measuring the "wealth" of capital-gains recipients. Consider a farmer who bought his farm for $50,000 in 1949. If the price of his farm kept pace with inflation he would be able to sell it for $260,000 at his retirement in 1989. Although in real terms he is no wealthier now than he was forty years ago, for tax purposes he is considered five times as wealthy, and must pay nearly $59,000 in capital-gains tax.

Until 1987 these problems were mitigated by excluding 40 per cent of gains from taxable income. Now, with capital gains taxed as ordinary income, the tax code does not distinguish between those who are king for a day and those who live like royalty their entire lives. —ED RUBENSTEIN

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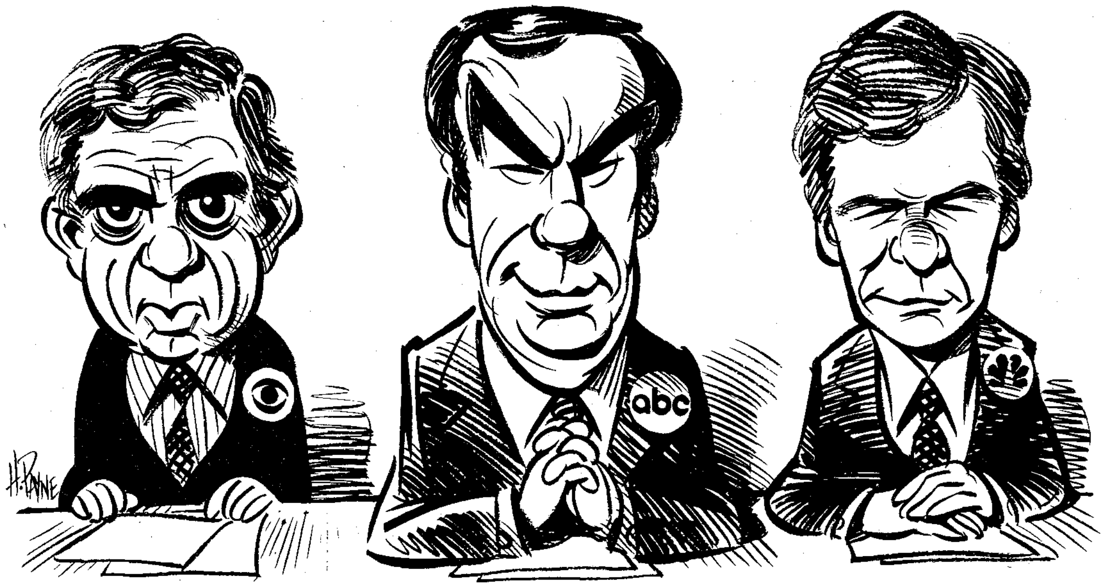

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MediaWatch is invaluable and it is great fun to read. It engages in the terribly unfair practice of quoting people accurately, a particularly nasty thing to do to the press. Keep it up!

—Elliott Abrams, former Assistant Secretary
of State for Inter-American Affairs

Where most conservatives complain vaguely about media bias, *MediaWatch* gives names, dates, and incriminating quotes. It reports the prejudices of the press in action, and pounces.

—Joseph Sobran, Senior Editor
National Review

Every month when I receive *MediaWatch*, I can just see and hear the leftwingers in the major media gnashing their teeth. Bravo to *MediaWatch* for exposing the hypocrisy in so much of what's going on among the 'news' business in our time.❞

—Senator Jesse Helms

traditionally understood focused upon wrongful motives or purposes—did an employer hire or treat his employees differently *on account of* race or skin color?—the "Civil Rights Restoration Act of 1990" would embed in the law the notion of discrimination as consisting of mere statistical disparities.

The Act would not only overturn a 1989 Court decision clarifying, sensibly, that the burden of proof in employment-discrimination cases rests with the plaintiff, but would also allow such plaintiffs to prevail without even alleging (much less proving) real discrimination of the traditional sort. Rather, an employee could successfully sue by demonstrating a) that the employer has few minority employees compared to some index based upon minority applicants or minority population in a neighborhood, city, region, or state; and b) that the employer had adopted some hiring or promotion procedure that conceivably could have been a factor in this statistical outcome. Given that few employers hire or promote on a random basis, the existence of requirements of educational attainment, experience, literacy, aptitude, or personality would suffice to entangle virtually any employer who fell short of racial quotas in each unit and job level of his enterprise. Only if employers could persuade a judge or jury that each of their hiring and employment procedures was "essential" to the conduct of the business could they avoid substantial legal penalties.

The "Civil Rights Restoration Act" would elevate considerations of racial balance above any other employment consideration. In the process, it would further transform modern civil-rights law into a powerful force on behalf of racial discrimination and gross injustice. Where is Randall Robinson when our country needs him?

The Countless Homeless

MITCH SNYDER, Washington's foremost "homeless advocate," is in fact a first-class tantrum artist whose tactics—from hunger strikes to the organized disruption of traffic—rarely fail to win him publicity.

Snyder's latest stratagem is to refuse to cooperate with the 1990 census, on the grounds that it will "undercount" the homeless. He contends that the Census Bureau uses inadequate techniques for detecting his elusive constituency.

The obvious solution would seem to be for Snyder to put the word out on the streets that all homeless people should see that their existence is recorded. It's not as if the government doesn't *want* to count them. But of course they are Accredited Victims, and Snyder won't concede that they have any duty to help the government help them.

We have a hunch that what's really eating Snyder is the justified suspicion that the census will deflate his own hyperbolic estimates of the homeless population. Various studies suggest that the real figure is a small fraction of the Snyder figure. So he's trying to discredit the government in advance, at the risk of alienating some of his own well-wishers, who can't figure out why he's doing this.

Our own fear is that the census will seriously undercount the number of con men in this country. Snyder affects to be opposing the system, when in fact he's working it for all it's worth. The political ecology of the welfare state rewards calculated disaffection with cash, services, power, and of course publicity. As Benjamin Ginsberg of Cornell University has explained in his book *The Captive Public*, the state now generates the demand for its own benefits, thereby expanding its power. That's why Snyder won't be punished for his antics. He's a valued client.

Goulash Democracy

MR. RUBIK, of cube fame, reportedly had a hand in designing Hungary's new electoral system, which, complicated though it is, proved equally popular. About 68 per cent of the 7.5 million eligible adults voted, choosing among more than fifty parties. Of the 12 parties that fielded candidates nationally, six won more than the 4 per cent required to ensure a seat in Parliament. Round One had produced these results as we went to press.

A new, wholly democratic coalition will emerge involving four parties, which have already begun their complex mating dance. The Democratic Forum, with 25 per cent, and the Free Democrats, with 21 per cent, disagree on very little. The Young Democrats, who limit members to age 35 or younger and are virtually identical twins of the Free Democrats, won about 9 per cent, so that adding their totals to the Free Democrats' would give the combined pair a clear plurality. The Smallholders, who won Hungary's last free election in 1947, netted about 13 per cent this time; they represent the yearnings of expropriated small farmers, shopkeepers, and craftsmen for restoration or compensation. All four of these parties favor

Those Undead S&Ls

Unlike St. George's beast, that looked
As dragons should before they're cooked,
The creatures Mr. Bush ran through
Still seek a fateful rendezvous.

W. H. VON DREELE

free-market economics and diving headlong into the European Community.

A late pre-election Gallup Poll had established that one of the primary emotional factors dividing voters was the degree to which they favor or fear change and would rather bear those ills they have than fly to others they know not of. The old-line Leninoids tried to exploit this and promised, in effect, to lead militant protests and strikes among those hurt in the transition to a free-market economy. But they mustered only a fraction above 3 per cent of the vote. Weep not for the comrades, however. Where is Karoly Grosz, the loyal *apparatchik* who succeeded Janos Kadar as Party secretary? This unreconstructed Leninist, who chose to go with the old Party name, now represents a Canadian venture-capital firm.

Those in Moscow who talk nowadays of "the Hungarian model" as the way for their own Communist Party to climb peacefully down from its Leninist pinnacle will find modest comfort in the Hungarian results. The Communist arch-revisionists, Imre Pozsgay, Rezso Nyers, and Miklos Nemeth, who dissolved the Party and became born-again social democrats, got a surprising 11 per cent, pronounced themselves pleased, and promised vigorous parliamentary representation for leftist sentiments, presumably egalitarian envy and yearning for social safety netting. At his morning-after press conference, Pozsgay smiled broadly when one journalist suggested he and his revisionist colleagues deserved credit for bringing Hungary a truly free election. This is true. But they also deserve criticism for having been members of a dictatorial sect for most of their political lives. Hungary's voters have given greater weight than Western reporters to their long political oppression. Prudence suggests that Mr. Pozsgay should remain a respected opposition leader for many years yet.

Art, by George

AT TIMES President Bush has a loopy way of seeming to abandon principle and politics simultaneously, as when he suddenly announced his opposition to "censoring" art. That, apparently, was his justification for supporting NEA subsidies with no conditions (as to blasphemy or obscenity, for example). He thus failed to grasp the elementary distinction between suppressing something and refusing to finance it. On that logic the U.S. Government has suppressed the Communist Party, Radio City Music Hall, CBS News, *Wheel of Fortune*, and *Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom*.

It was, however, good news for the "artistic community," which has lately gone in a more urological direction than most Americans would willingly opt for: there was Andres Serrano's famous *Piss Christ*, Robert Mapplethorpe's photo of one fellow peeing into another's mouth, and the like. Such art thrives in the bureaucratic economy, where it's exempted from the vulgar test of the market and judged by what is now a hopelessly philistine arts establishment incapable of discrimination. But it has now been confirmed in its role of state patron—thanks to Mr. Bush.

Why? When private collectors can spend up to $53.9 million for a single painting, the price Van Gogh's *Irises* fetched a few years ago, it would seem that there's enough money sloshing around to keep the art world afloat without federal intervention. The primary objection to state subsidies for immoral art is the same as the objection to subsidizing Beethoven: it isn't the state's role. The secondary objection is that generally it is bad art. There are exceptions, but the people making the choices on the taxpayers' behalf nowadays lack the taste to know the difference. And why override these objections when legitimate art *does* thrive on the free market.

Yet somehow the artsy Left managed to make subsidizing obscene art a matter of high principle, and ride it to political victory, with the aid of a more or less conservative President. Maybe Mr. Bush should consider whether he thinks what he said.

Harold Medina, R I P

JUDGE Harold Medina died recently at the remarkable age of one hundred and two.

Some readers will recall him as the judge at the 1949 trial of 11 Communist leaders charged under the Smith Act. The principal defense tactic was to try, by outrageous behavior, to provoke the judge into some breach that would provide the basis for an appeal. Judge Medina, however, presided with heroic calm.

There were many other notable things about him, including his long and impressive legal career. A brilliant graduate of Princeton and of Columbia Law School, he was a Latin scholar and expert on Horace. He also read Greek and French. Profoundly cultivated, of impeccable manners, he was the sort of citizen who vitally sustains his civilization.

NOTES & ASIDES

■ WNET, Channel 13
356 West 58th Street
New York, N.Y. 10019

Re: Program *Firing Line*, Saturday, 10 A.M., Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

I happen to have always liked, enjoyed, and respected William Buckley till I started watching him on TV. I think he would be better on radio—his knowledge would come through but one would not have to look at:

1) an ill-fitting shirt,

2) crooked tie,

3) slouching sitting/lying position (as if he were suffering from hemorrhoids).

4) He is constantly scratching his head with his pen/pencil and then he puts it in his mouth.

Does he not have a wife, mother, or sweetheart who could straighten him out???

For a millionaire he is a mess!!! The program and guests are *great*—but I cannot look.

Sincerely,
Antonette Benson
Syosset, N.Y.

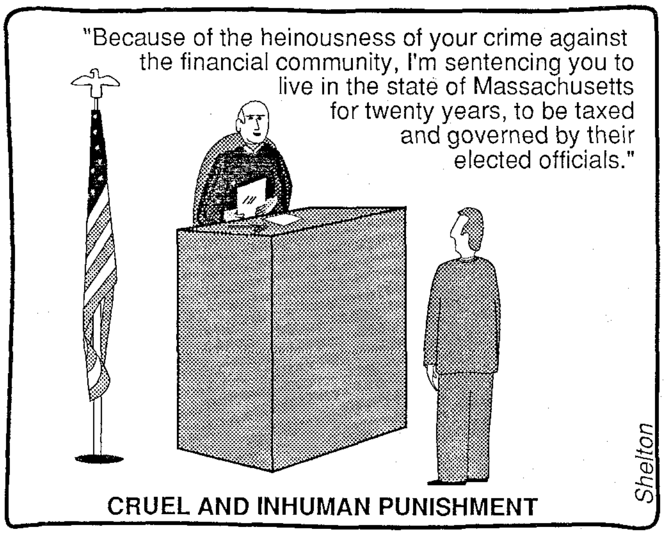
Dear Miss Benson: Don't you understand, I do all that in order to distract from the hypnotic quality of my reasoning. Otherwise, my points of view would overwhelm the public, and that would be the end of *Firing Line*! Cordially, WFB

■ To Whom It May Concern:

In my column of late February on the Andrew Baker case at Dartmouth College [cf. "The Ivory Foxhole," p. 43], I wrote that "the chairman of the English Department at Deerfield Academy who taught Baker and thought him an outstanding student has in writing declared that he will no longer write letters of recommendation to Dartmouth for graduating Deerfield Academy students."

I have received two letters, the first from Mr. Bryce Lambert, who is a member of the English Department, the former teacher of Andrew Baker, and the author of the declaration against writing any further letters of recommendation to Dartmouth. He writes to me that notwithstanding his 35 years of teaching at Deerfield, "I have not had, do not want, and will never have" the post of chairman of the department.

The second letter is from Mr. John C. O'Brien, who *is* the chairman of the Department of English at Deerfield. He writes that my column has caused him "some embarrassment." That he has never written to anybody about Andrew Baker at Dartmouth. That he thought my commitment to accuracy stronger than it evidently is. That if the error was that of the *Dartmouth Review*, then "perhaps this tells you something about the newspaper on whose masthead your name appears."


"Because of the heinousness of your crime against the financial community, I'm sentencing you to live in the state of Massachusetts for twenty years, to be taxed and governed by their elected officials."
Shelton

CRUEL AND INHUMAN PUNISHMENT

Concerning all of which: 1) I regret referring to Mr. Lambert as the chairman of the Department of English (he was mistakenly so designated in a letter I received about the Baker case); 2) I regret that the chairman of the Department of English is insufficiently exercised about the Baker case—one would think the chairman of the Deerfield English Department would share the outrage experienced by his colleague, who taught Andrew Baker; 3) I record that high though my enthusiasm is for the *Dartmouth Review*, I never asked to be listed on its masthead, and take no responsibility for errors that appear on its pages except when they are my own; and 4) I close by suggesting that perhaps the alumni and friends of Deerfield should launch a Draft Lambert movement to overcome his objections to serving as chairman of the Department of English at Deerfield Academy.

I am sending this letter to all involved, with permission to send copies to anyone at all, with special attention to those who might have embarrassed Chairman O'Brien by misassociating him with the movement to do justice to Andrew Baker.

Yours faithfully,
Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

■ Memo to: Bill
From: Linda

Some of our readers were vexed when, last September, we came in with a redesign of the magazine. We weighed complaints, consulted our experts, and moved slightly on: as witness this issue. As you know from our discussions, we were unhappy with the article section. And so we experiment. Nobody is certain that the present formula is the answer, but our readers should know we've given a lot of thought to it. It is less austere than its predecessor. And by permitting the article section to flow continuously, as "The Week" and the book section do, the design frees us from the procrustean need to cut (or pad) every article in order to contain or expand it to a specified number of lines. Could you pass along to our readers the invitation to respond, after a couple of issues, to what we have done?

Dear Linda: Yes. And I'll also invite them to advise how one might free the sonnet from its procrusteanizing limitations. B.

—WFB

ON THE SCENE

In Pursuit of Good Child Care

SUSAN MANDEL

Jennifer Lawson

WASHINGTON

WHEN LAST we turned our attention to Congress and "the family," it looked as though the liberal ABC (Act for Better Child Care) proposal was certain to pass and create a huge federal nanny to help raise American children. It did pass the Senate overwhelmingly, but House Democrats have refused even to consider that version. The reason: a revolt in the Democratic Party.

Not only did liberal Representatives Tom Downey (D., N.Y.) and George Miller (D., Calif.) adopt conservative rhetoric in opposing the ABC bill, they also made President Bush's child-care proposal the basis of their own measure. The result of the intra-party struggle is a new House Democratic child-care bill that comes much closer to the conservative bi-partisan proposal than it does to the original ABC.

If this sounds too good to be true, that's because it is. As *NR* goes to press the new House version carries over much of what was objectionable from before: federal mandates on everything from hand washing to worker–child ratios; day care in the public schools; and no guarantee of parental choice in the state-grant section. All this would be enough to make Bush veto the bill even though it centers on his own idea of providing tax relief to low-income families with pre-schoolers.

What's significant here, however, is that conservatives managed to shift the child-care debate far enough to the right that Democrats had to revamp their thinking on the issue. "The debate had been how much money should we give for child-care centers and how tough would the federal standards be," says Representative Steve Bartlett (R., Tex.). "Now the debate is how should the Federal Government help low-income families with children. All the current child-care bills have as their basis tax credits for low-income families."

Because of their internal divisions, Democrats have had furious battles on this issue. The Education & Labor Committee and Ways & Means Committee were locked over which approach to take. Even more contentious was the question of which committee would oversee the program. Child-care activists wanted jurisdiction in Education & Labor, where they have a lot of influence and could, no doubt, get the program expanded. Negotiations between the two sides broke down in November, ending with an unusually vicious memo sent to reporters by Marion Wright Edelman (whose Children's Defense Fund wrote the ABC bill) in which she denounced long-time allies Downey and Miller.

Mrs. Edelman followed up her memo the next day by having CDF staffers take 325 pre-schoolers to Capitol Hill to lobby members. One group went to Downey's office, hoping to show him up. But the congressman outfoxed them. After listening to their song about passing ABC legislation, Downey got up and led the children in a rendition of "The Itsy Bitsy Spider." Mrs. Edelman has since retreated to a low-profile approach.

Such were the passions of the debate that Downey and the main sponsor of the original bill, House Education & Labor Chairman Gus Hawkins (D., Calif.), resumed speaking to each other just this March—and only on orders from House Speaker Tom Foley. Foley ordered the shotgun wedding when a coalition of Republicans and conservative Democrats introduced their own child-care proposal, which quickly overtook ABC in popularity. Hawkins subsequently agreed to give up ABC and accept the Downey proposal.

THE WAR is far from over. At press time the Democrats are still fighting over vouchers and funding for religious day care. In order to get ABC passed last year, Majority Whip Richard Gephardt promised he would work to get language into the bill to allow states to fund church-run day care, which is strongly opposed by Hawkins, Downey, and Miller, as well as the National Education Association. The NEA fears that the application of vouchers to day care might set a precedent for tuition tax credits for the schools. Speaker Foley, who wanted the provisions for vouchers and religious day care, was seen on the House floor on March 20 with Downey and Miller. The Speaker's face turned bright red as he shook his finger in their faces.

The Democrats are under pressure to bring their bill to the floor to stop the momentum behind the conservative alternative. But both Representatives Downey and Miller are simultaneously negotiating with Republicans on a consensus bill closely resembling that alternative.

Ironically, the mastermind behind the Republican strategy is a Democrat, Representative Charles Stenholm (D., Tex.), head of the Conservative Democratic Forum and chief sponsor, with Representative Clay Shaw (R., Fla.), of the conservative bi-partisan measure. Stenholm built a coalition around his proposal, which sticks to conservative principles but doesn't cut costs too drastically. As the House heads for a showdown the Stenholm–

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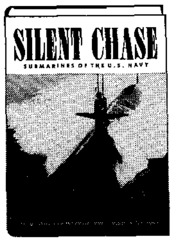
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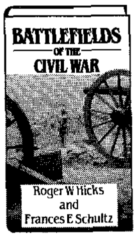
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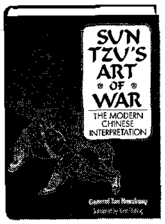
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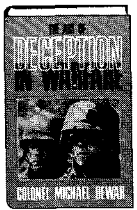
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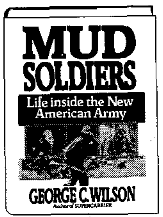
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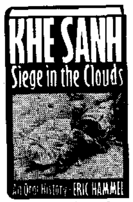
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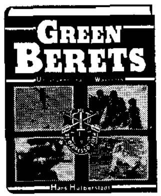
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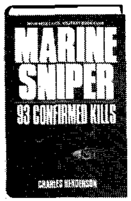
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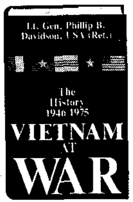
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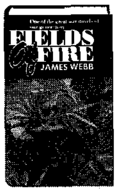
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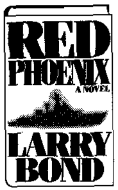
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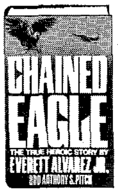
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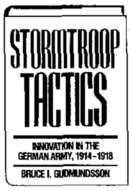
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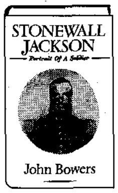
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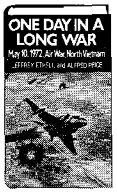
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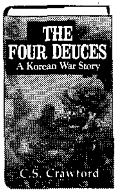
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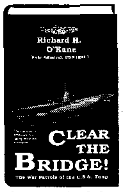
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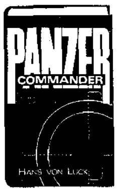
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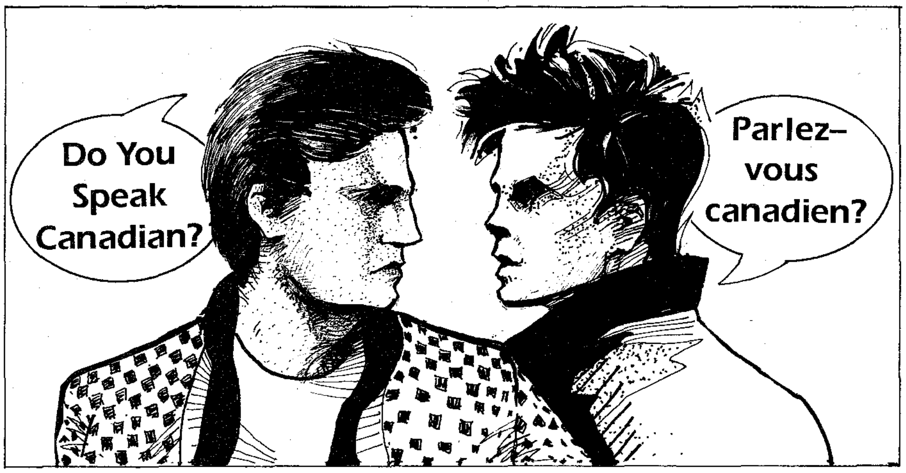
NRV 4/90

Shaw team has boxed its opponents into a corner: To avoid losing to the conservative alternative, they must come close to adopting it. □

Bilingualism Brouhaha in Canada

PETER BRIMELOW


Do You Speak Canadian?
Parlez-vous canadien?

Jennifer Lawson

Toronto

“IF CANADA dies, and the country is now gravely ill, the name of Sault Ste. Marie, Ontario, should be chiseled on the gravestone,” intoned *Toronto Globe and Mail* columnist Jeffrey Simpson. He added, in a strikingly original phrase, that it was enough for good men (“and women”) to remain silent to ensure the triumph of evil.

Canada's Progressive Conservative Prime Minister Brian Mulroney said it was “deeply regrettable” (“the next thing is race, and then the next thing is religion, and the next thing is color [*sic*]”). Ontario's Liberal Premier David Peterson said it was “extremely damaging.” And Quebec's Premier Robert Bourassa—also nominally a Liberal, but read on—said it was “utterly deplorable.”

The cause of all this hysteria: Sault Ste. Marie's council, led by its Italian-Canadian Mayor Joseph Fratesi, had passed a resolution declaring the city's government to be unilingually English. “The Soo” was not the first Ontario municipality to do so, but it was the biggest, and it was rapidly followed by many more (“like a cancer that leaps from one part of a ravaged body to another”—J. Simpson).

Two facts to keep this latest brouhaha in perspective: First, Ontario municipalities do not yet have to provide services in French, Canada's other official language. But they fear they will be compelled to—not unreasonably, in view of this elite outrage and the fact that the spread of Ottawa's bilingualism policy since its introduction on the federal level in 1968 has been, well, cancer-like. (The provincial government of Ontario has just been induced to declare itself officially bilingual, although the French-speaking portion of the province's population has fallen to 3.8 per cent, virtually all of whom can also speak English.) Secondly, the province of Quebec, under the same Robert Bourassa, had already passed legislation last year reaffirming that it is officially unilingually French. Somehow, Canada's pundits don't seem to find this evil. Or even “deplorable.”

All of which is an illustration of a remarkable contemporary paradox. In the nineteenth century, conservatives worried about the popular passions that might be unleashed by democracy. Today, it has become clear that a graver threat comes from elite enthusiasms. Politicians of all parties, professors, and the press can agree almost unanimously on an absurdity, opposed only by inchoate grassroots sentiment (“wolfpacks of prejudice”—J. Simpson) and, of course, reality.

As reality breaks through, it is first of all ignored, then greeted with the excoriation now aimed at Joe Fratesi. This can be a serious matter: notwithstanding pious First Amendment-type noises in Canada's Charter of Rights, promoting “hate”—as defined by the authorities—is actually illegal. As *NR* goes to press, it appears that charges may be pressed against the leading anti-bilingual organization because a guest speaker at one of its meetings made a crass comparison between French-speakers and AIDS. Comparing bilingualism opponents to cancer and wolfpacks is, needless to say, just praiseworthy vigilance.

Canada's official bilingualism was supposed to prevent the inexorable emergence of Quebec, where almost all the country's French minority is concentrated, as an independent French-speaking nation-state. This was the specter of death itself to Canada's political elite, since the left-leaning electoral coalitions that have governed the country through much of this century have depended on cultivating a Quebec bloc vote.

Official bilingualism has failed, of course—it has not prevented Quebec governments, under both the avowedly separatist *Parti Québécois* and the supposedly federalist provincial Liberals, from continuing to carve out increasing institutional autonomy, squeezing out the province's English-speaking minority in the process. The Quebec Liberal Party recently came out of the closet enough to vote to consider “sovereignty” as a policy option. But Canada's liberal elite has no other solution to offer. So it continues its ritual obeisence to bilingualism, and its reflexive suppression of any English-speaking unrest.

Official bilingualism is expensive. No Canadian academic economist appears to have calculated its full economic burden, for exactly the same reason as there are no American estimates on affirmative action.

But the real impact of the policy, and part of the reason it is still so blindly supported, is its effect on the distribution of perquisites and power. Official bilingualism absolutely requires that the government bureaucracy be run to a significant extent by people who are themselves bilingual. In a country like Canada, which is not remotely bilingual and where government takes up to half the gross national product, this amounts to massive social engineering.

Mr. Brimelow, senior editor of Forbes *and a columnist for Canada's* Financial Post, *is the author of* The Patriot Game: Canada and the Canadian Question Revisited *(Hoover Institution/Key Porter).*

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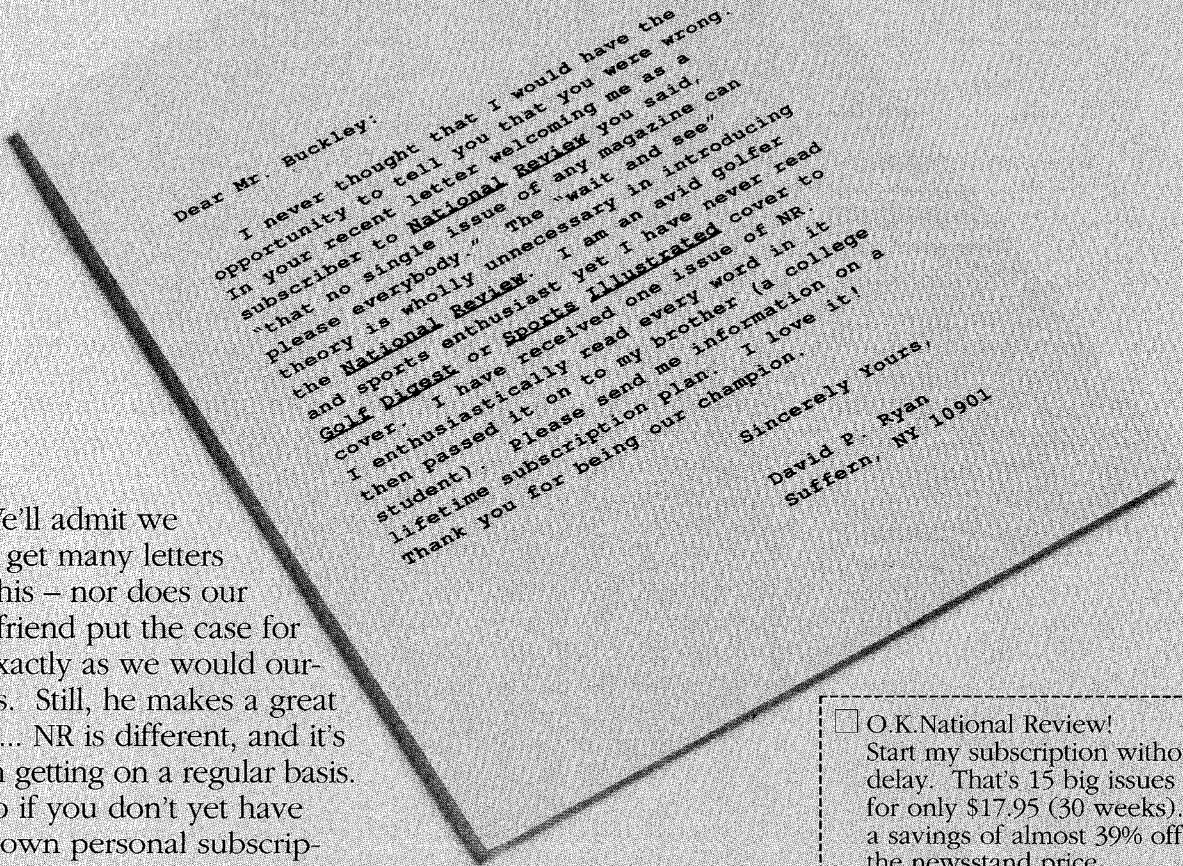

Dear Mr. Buckley:

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David P. Ryan
Suffern, NY 10901

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NATIONAL REVIEW
America's Conservative Magazine

According to the 1986 census, only some 16.2 per cent of Canada's 25 million even claim to be bilingual. Despite enormous effort and much propaganda to the contrary, this proportion has not altered significantly over the years, and shows no sign of doing so. Just less than two out of three French-speakers and more than nine out of ten English-speakers are unilingual: all are in effect second-class citizens. Most bilinguals live in "Central Canada"—Ontario and Quebec, the political equivalent of the Eastern Seaboard in the United States. West of the Great Lakes and east of Moncton, New Brunswick, 99 per cent of Canadians speak English; only some 6.5 per cent can speak French (and almost none actually *are* French).

Not coincidentally, the effects of official bilingualism are intensely regressive. The policy reinforces precisely those groups in Canadian society from whom power has been slipping: French-speakers, because their share of Canada's population has been falling; Central Canada, upstaged by the burgeoning West; the upper middle classes generally, whose educational advantages tend to be placed at a discount by Canada's social mobility. Official bilingualism also strengthens the position of the powerful and ambitious federal civil service, the only part of Canadian society that approaches the official ideal and which accordingly, like the Prussian Army, shows signs of believing that it is the true repository of national values.

Not the least important beneficiary of official bilingualism: Brian Mulroney himself. An unrepresentative and not visibly conservative figure who had never held elective office, a native of remotest Quebec, where the party had essentially no support, Mulroney would never have won the Progressive Conservative leadership except for the perceived need to have a bilingual head. To American conservative eyes, he appears at first sight a familiar disaster, somewhat as if Nelson Rockefeller had edged out Barry Goldwater in 1964. But on closer inspection, Mulroney's fixation on Quebec is so all-consuming that it's as if Nelson Rockefeller had then turned out to be a Mexican.

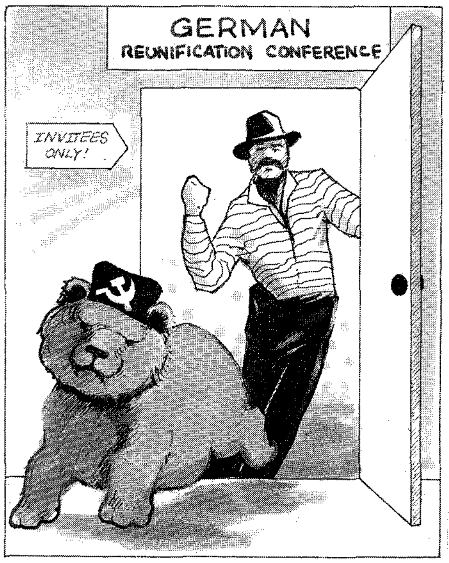
Already the Progressive Conservatives' traditional base in Western Canada is threatened: a right-wing particularist group, the Reform Party, has started to win elections. The bilingualism backlash is also partly why the Meech Lake Accord, Mulroney's attempt to appease Quebec by constitutional reform that quietly capitulates to its autonomy drive, seems likely to expire this summer for want of unanimous ratification by the English-speaking provinces.

For ordinary English-speaking Canadians, the official bilingualism policy offers a) tangible material disadvantage; b) blatant bias in favor of French-speakers; c) manifest failure to achieve its ostensible goal of placating Quebec; and d) vile insults and abuse in response to any question.

Canada's political elite has asked a stupid question. It will inevitably receive a sharp answer. ☐

Being Beastly to Germany

LALLY WEYMOUTH



Jennifer Lawson

New York

GIANNI de Michelis, Italy's Socialist foreign minister, is an unusual diplomat. Unlike most well-dressed members of the breed who say nothing very well, he dresses badly, has hair down to his shoulders, is the author of one book on disco dancing (*Where Shall We Dance Tonight?*) and another on the year 2000, and throws out original and lively ideas on practically everything—in particular on German unification. Indeed, even more than Margaret Thatcher, he has come to symbolize European apprehension about growing German power.

De Michelis became the representative of this increasing European concern at the recent unprecedented summit among the 16 NATO countries and the seven Warsaw Pact countries at Ottawa. He stood up and demanded that Italy be included in the so-called "two-plus-four talks" (the four wartime allies plus the two Germanies) put together by the U.S., the USSR, and West Germany to discuss German reunification. West Germany's Foreign Minister Hans-Dietrich Genscher sent a chill around the room—some felt a flavor of things to come—when he turned to de Michelis, and said, "You're not a player in this game." That night de Michelis told friends that Genscher's brusque comment marked the end of NATO.

De Michelis visited the U.S. in March with Italian Prime Minister Giulio Andreotti. He vigorously opposed using the two-plus-four talks as the mechanism through which to arrive at German unification, since they leave out Poland and other European countries and enable Germany to rush to unity without first resolving issues of critical importance to most Europeans. (Poland has since procured admission to the talks when its interests are being discussed.)

For example, says de Michelis, the Germans didn't want to solve the Polish border issue because, though an "external issue," it had internal ramifications in West German politics. They were eventually forced to do so—significantly, outside the mechanism of the two-plus-four talks. But almost every "external issue" has internal ramifications in West German politics. In particular, the future of a united Germany *in NATO* is hotly controversial inside the Federal Republic.

"The only way to have [a unified] Germany inside NATO," de Michelis argues, "is to accept a very atypical and asymmetrical position of Germany with respect to NATO." His fear is that such a unified Germany would be harder for NATO to swallow than was

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Mrs. Weymouth is a roving correspondent for the Washington Post.

France following de Gaulle's withdrawal from NATO's integrated military command. Why? Because the U.S. and West Germany have agreed to station NATO troops only in what is now West Germany. The present GDR would thus become a neutral zone or even have Soviet troops based in it for an indefinite period.

While influential U.S. and West German officials worry about the danger of a neutral Germany, de Michelis poses an interesting question: "Is there any real difference between being neutral or being in NATO with Soviet troops in your territory?" It is a good question. What, indeed, should be of greater concern to the West: a neutral Germany or a supposedly united Germany in NATO in which, however, NATO troops would be forbidden to enter what is now the GDR? How long would NATO retain real cohesion and credibility in these circumstances? Would it not quickly follow the Warsaw Pact along the path of strategic irrelevance?

It is not surprising therefore that, as a supporter of a traditional view of NATO, de Michelis distrusts the efforts of some members of the West German Social Democratic Party, and of its leader, Oskar Lafontaine, to find a future strategic framework for Europe outside of NATO—in a common European security system which would exclude the United States. In particular de Michelis dislikes Lafontaine's attempt to revive the European Defense Community, an old idea from the early Fifties, vetoed at that time by the French, who didn't want to integrate with the West Germans. But he warns, "Lafontaine's idea will prevail in the next few months if we are not able to rethink NATO. And if we do not rethink NATO, it will fall apart."

The problem is that the Germans don't want to think about the future of NATO until they are unified. But with the Warsaw Pact collapsing, says de Michelis, we have really got to start talks at once about how NATO will respond.

Turning to the Soviets, de Michelis doesn't agree with the popular wisdom that they want a neutral Germany. In spite of the recent pro-neutrality speech by the chief of the International Department, Valentin Falin, and some hard-line remarks by Gorbachev, "their position was only for negotiations." Like other observers he believes that the Soviets agreed to unification when Gorbachev met with West German Chancellor Helmut Kohl at the beginning of February.

Did a promise of West German financial aid and credits play a role in changing Moscow's position? De Michelis agrees with those who have alleged such a linkage: "I am sure that one implicit part of the deal was big economic and financial aid from West Germany to the Soviet Union." One thing led to another. There was first a Bonn–Moscow deal, then came Ottawa and the agreement between Bonn, Moscow, and the U.S. on the two-plus-four talks: "Everything was clearly connected."

But there is an additional reason why the Soviets should welcome the present East–West arrangement to deal with German unification. It increases Soviet influence. Although the Soviets lost the cold war, the two-plus-four forum gives them great influence, even a veto, over unification as one of the four victorious allies in the Second World War that enjoy residual rights over Germany. De Michelis views this as an outdated arrangement: "Nineteen-hundred eighty-nine was the end of another war, and in that war the Soviet Union was the loser. To utilize the two-plus-four agreement would make them again the winner."

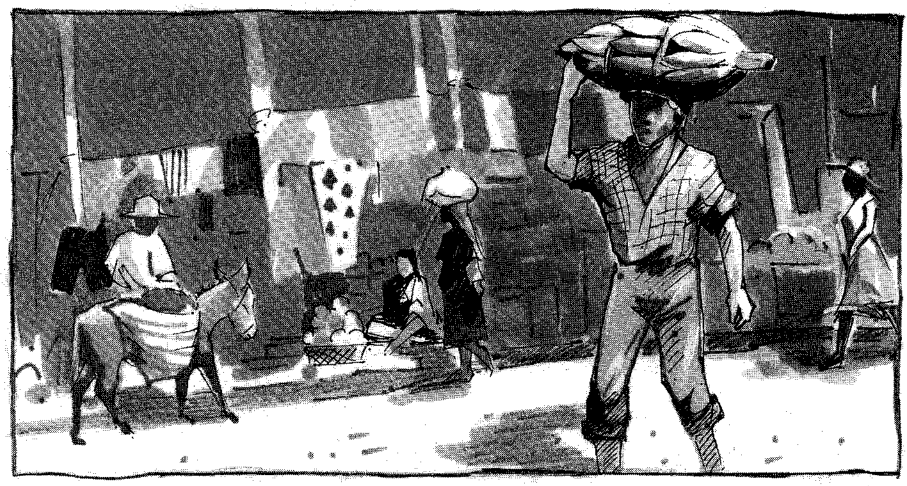
There are other, better forums to turn to: NATO, the European Community, CSCE. "There are also the rights of the 16 powers, the 12 powers, the 35 powers, and so on."

In Washington, de Michelis and Prime Minister Andreotti asked that a a ministerial meeting of NATO be held before the two-plus-four talks begin. De Michelis wants to discuss the question: "Will NATO work or will it collapse like the Warsaw Pact?" Before he rushed off to his plane, he warned, "There may be a lower level of military commitment to NATO, but only as a consequence of our incapacity to foresee the future . . ."

And this warning came, remember, not from some hawkish member of the Committee on the Present Danger, but from an iconoclastic Italian Socialist politician. German unification, it seems, will mark less the end of the cold war than the beginning of a new unstable world of shifting alliances and multi-polar uncertainties. Consummate realists, the Italians recognize this; inveterate idealists, Americans see only the silver lining of a "peace dividend." ☐

The Good Ambassador

SELDEN RODMAN


Jennifer Lawson

PORT-AU-PRINCE

ON THE MORNING of March 12, a day that could prove to be a turning point in Haiti's troubled history—my wife and I were waiting in our apartment at the Hotel Montana for dinner guests we firmly believed would find it impossible to come. Before the four-day crisis that shook Haiti with bloodshed, strikes, arson, and looting, our friend Douglas

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Mr. Rodman's last report from Haiti appeared in the Sept. 29, 1989 NR.

Watson, the deputy chief of mission at the American Embassy, had phoned to say that Ambassador Alvin Adams would like to meet us. Could the Watsons bring the Adamses by next Monday for a drink? We said, Of course, we'd be honored, and perhaps they would stay for dinner.

WITHIN A DAY of that call, Haiti exploded with repressed fury over General Prosper Avril's refusal to meet the demand of the combined parties' electoral council that he step down. It was well known by everyone that the Creole-speaking Ambassador Adams was moving with exemplary discretion to convince the prideful military dictator that nothing short of his exit from Haiti could defuse a situation that threatened bloody anarchy. Avril had finally agreed to step down; but he had made it clear that he had no intention of leaving until Gilbert Austin—as chief of the Supreme Court, his successor according to the constitution—stepped into his shoes.

This, Haiti's civilian leaders refused to sanction: Austin was an old Duvalierist. What was to prevent him from retaining the acting president, Avril, as the army's commander in chief and letting him impose the same kind of terror as General Henri Namphy (ousted on September 17, 1988)? General Hérard Abraham, the army's acting chief of staff, was known to be a reasonable man; but what was to stop Avril from replacing him? The memory of what had happened to Colonel Jean Claude Paul, commander of the powerful Deselines Battalion, was still vivid. Then-President Manigat relied on Paul against Namphy's June 19, 1988 coup. No sooner had Paul betrayed Manigat than he "retired" and a few days later died mysteriously in his home after eating a dish of pumpkin soup.

Leslie Manigat—a brilliant, honest economist who thought that (even as puppet president) he could outsmart the conniving generals—was promptly booted out by Namphy. And Namphy, who had taken over after 31 years of Duvalier dictatorship with every sign of good intentions, had become a more ruthless dictator than "Baby Doc" Duvalier ever was: shooting up the elections of November 29, 1987, and then massacring Père Aristide's flock at 'Ti L'Eglise in September of the following year. That outrage led the army's enlisted men to kick Namphy out and put Avril in.

Avril also began with good intentions. Readers of my last report may recall my applauding his tolerance: letting the fiery Marxist Aristide demand his (Avril's) removal within a few blocks of the palace and heeding the advice of the NCOs who had put him in power. But when I interviewed General Avril, Sergeant Hebraux, who had led the enlisted men's revolt, was sitting *outside* the room, which should have aroused my suspicions. For soon Hebraux was outside the palace itself; rumor had it he had been paid off with a luxurious villa.

On November 1, 1989, Avril made his first major blunder, arresting three opposition leaders and putting them on national TV bandaged and bleeding from the beating they had received in jail. It was a warning that he would hang tough from now on, and stop at nothing.

Avril's second blunder came two months later. When he flew to Taiwan in January on an unsuccessful mission to secure a "promised" loan to replace American aid, Hebraux traveled with the presidential party *tourist class* and was excluded from all important conferences. Then a group of democratic leaders in Haiti cabled Taiwan's government to inform it that Avril represented no one in Haiti except himself. When Avril returned to Port-au-Prince empty handed, he seized upon the assassination of an army colonel (actually mistaken by Avril's police for one of the democratic leaders) to round up his most outspoken political enemies, rough them up, and put them on a plane to the United States. That, and the state of siege (martial law) imposed January 20, did it. Avril lifted the siege after nine days and again promised elections "soon," but it was too late.

The inadvertent shooting by riot-control troops on March 5 of a little girl sitting on a porch doing her homework triggered massive demonstrations and strikes all over Haiti. Five days later Avril was forced to turn over the presidency to General Abraham, but retained command of the army. It was the day after that that we flew him out on a C-141, just as we had Baby Doc four years before.

From the moment Alvin Adams arrived in Port-au-Prince last December and, in the airport, quoted in Creole a Haitian proverb—*Bourik chagé pas kampé* (an overburdened donkey can't stand still)—Haitians knew that an American official at long last was on their side. For several days the enraged Avril refused to see the new ambassador, but since American financial support had been withdrawn after Namphy shot up the elections, Avril had to swallow his pride. It seems that Adams was astute enough never to refuse categorically to restore aid, but every time the two talked Adams must have made it clear that without a firm election schedule and guarantees of international supervision, no aid would be forthcoming.

When Avril was finally forced out, Adams was careful, like the polished diplomat he is, to take none of the credit, leaving it to the good Haitians to stand in the spotlight and act nobly—which they did. The swearing in of the new provisional president—a woman, for the first time in Haitian history—took place in the palace March 12. General Abraham was the first to welcome Ertha Pascal-Trouillot, promising that the army would remain in its barracks at all times unless called out by *madame la présidente* herself. He was cheered wildly, and when the handsome but very firm young lady responded graciously, the general stepped forward, saluted her smartly, and then, taking off his garrison cap, kissed her on both cheeks. The applause was deafening.

Halfway through our dinner party the evening before, Ambassador Adams and his stunning Vietnamese wife, Mai Anh, asked to be excused. Douglas Watson told us that the ambassador had not slept even one minute the previous night, finally persuading the reluctant General Avril to leave quietly at dawn.

HAS A MIRACLE taken place? Yes. Is Haiti on the way to economic recovery and a new life? Hardly. It will be up to whatever government is freely elected to change patterns of racial tension, mismanagement, oligarchy, and illiteracy that have plagued the Western Hemisphere's second independent nation ever since it freed itself in 1804. General Abraham could not have put it more succinctly when he said that the two things he needs most are "lucidity and pragmatism." ☐

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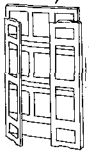

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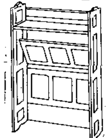

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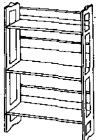

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POLITICS

Tricky Dick . . . Gephardt

WILLIAM McGURN

WASHINGTON—On the surface it was a relatively routine address to a relatively obscure think tank on a relatively innocuous topic. The speaker was Richard Gephardt, the think tank, the Center for National Security, and the subject, "American Leadership in the New World." Maybe good for a short squib on page B-22 on most days.

This wasn't most days. The Majority Leader's staff had been busy hyping the speech all week. The *Washington Post* put it on the front page. David Broder, ever a barometer of correct Beltway thinking, devoted a column to it, and if you didn't know he was talking about a seven-term congressman from Missouri you might have thought it was Churchill. The Washington page of the *Wall Street Journal* followed this up with a story suggesting that the Bush Administration's subsequent counterattacks were turning Gephardt into a "hero."

So what was this bold new message? Boiled down, it was a call for the U.S. to respond to the changes in the USSR and Eastern Europe with a new vision, the chief leg of which appeared to be sending billions of dollars in American aid. Most important it showed that Gephardt has his eyes on the White House. There was too a tinge of the economic nationalism for which he is most famous—"America is at risk of losing its position of leadership in the world economy"—but in the end what assured him headlines was his biting criticism of the Bush Administration.

"Harry Truman lived by Sam Houston's maxim: 'Do right, risk consequences,'" he said. The maxim of the Bush Administration seems to be: "Do polls, risk nothing."

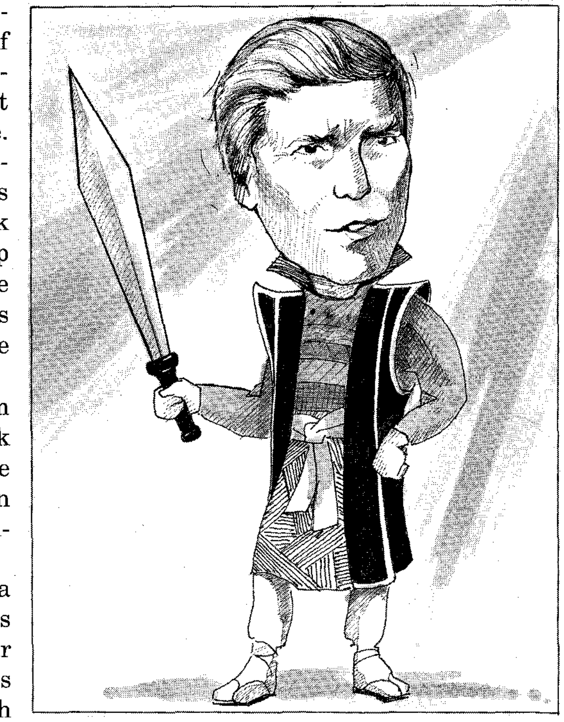
Curious words indeed from a man who long ago sacrificed his political principles before the altar of Gallup. For Gephardt knows his issues well, having been on both sides of a good many of them. When he came to the House in 1977, freshman Gephardt was a moderate with pronounced conservative leanings. He opposed the minimum wage. He was against the extension of a time limit to ratify the Equal Rights Amendment. He supported a constitutional amendment to prohibit abortion, as well as one to protect neighborhood schools from court-ordered busing. He favored tuition tax credits, backed the B-1 bomber and MX missile, and co-sponsored a market-oriented health-care reform with then-Representative David Stockman. In 1981 he bolted from party orthodoxy to embrace Reagan's tax cuts. At one point he was even president of the Democratic Leadership Council, a group dedicated to moving the Democratic Party away from the Left.

Today Mr. Gephardt has outflopped even Jim Courter. He now votes the union line up and down. He has dropped his support for a pro-life amendment and assured the National Women's Political Caucus that he would not veto federal funding of abortion. He proposes massive tax increases, calls for more social spending, and opposed the Bork nomination. He has become the leading Japan-basher in Congress [see also "You Pat My Back, I'll Pat Yours," p. 35], perhaps trying to compensate for his newfound dovishness vis-à-vis the military. In the 1988 primaries, both Michael Dukakis and Al Gore zeroed in on Gephardt's willingness to jettison principles, reflected in an American Conservative Union rating that has gone from 32 per cent his first year to only 4 per cent this year. Even more telling is his rating from the Americans for Democratic Action, which has shot up over the same period from 50 to 90 per cent.

THE REASON for the decisive shift leftward is not hard to find. It started when Gephardt became afflicted with what Senator Alan Simpson (R., Wyo.) described as "the burning-bosom syndrome," i.e., when Gephardt decided he wanted to be President. Today he insists that being the House Majority Leader means he cannot run for President ("I assure you, I'm not," he says). But he was decidedly more coy when questioned about this on *Meet the Press*. When Garrick Utley suggested that Gephardt might free himself of that burden by resigning as Majority Leader to launch a bid for the 1992 nomination, he said that he didn't plan to do that *right now*.

"Once you run for President being Majority Leader is boring," says one White House official. "Gephardt knows that [Tom] Foley is going to have the Speaker's job for another ten years or so, and so 1992 is his big chance. Even if he loses the election it still gives him a claim on 1996."

Already Gephardt has paid a few visits to Iowa, site of the first 1992 caucus, to lay the groundwork. He has coupled it with attacks on Bush to raise his own profile. In an October speech before the National Press Club, he pulled no punches. "George Bush appears to be determined to go down in history as the Hesitation President," he said. "At least his first year in office could be titled, 'The Year of Living Timidly.'" He repeated this the following month in an address to the Democratic Leadership Council,



Jennifer Lawson

where he again harped on the President for being too "timid."

Against this Gephardt has put forward his own vision, which might be described as speak loudly and carry a big tariff. Although it wasn't enough to get him the nomination in 1988 Gephardt evidently believes there is a great deal of potential in holding up the trade deficit and preaching economic hellfire and damnation. Not since William Jennings Bryan delivered his "cross of gold" sermon to the 1896 Democratic Convention in Chicago has an American gone so far on pure humbug, and at least Bryan could claim an undeniable eloquence.

GEPHARDT'S campaign featured ads such as the one about the $10,000 Chrysler that costs $48,000 in Seoul. Actually, it was $38,000, the bulk of which was due to Korean taxes on consumption (ironically designed in response to Korea's own trade deficits) rather than customs duties, one example of Gephardt's playing fast and loose with the facts. Another, more ominous ad of a rising sun was canned, because it was determined to be too racist. Or at least too racist to get away with.

The Gephardt Doctrine took its most explicit form as an amendment to the 1988 trade bill. Under the terms of this amendment, America would be required to institute stiff sanctions against countries that did not reduce their trade deficits with the U.S., similar to the Smoot–Hawley Act that ushered in the Great Depression. The amendment of course failed, along with Gephardt's presidential bid. But that hasn't deterred him.

In his November address to the DLC Gephardt railed about an America in decline. The Bush tax cuts, he said, were for the rich, and Republicans had done nothing to improve America's economic strength. A month earlier, he had harped on much the same theme in his press-club address. There he had attributed a two-hundred-point drop in the Dow Jones index to "Reaganomics." But in answer to a question after the speech about the effect of the capital-gains logjam on the market, he took a somewhat different line. "Well, I think that analysis is hogwash," he said. "We've had almost every theory known to mankind brought up as the reason for the stock-market [drop]. The truth is nobody has the slightest idea of why it exactly happened." Hmmmmn.

Curiously enough, he did get it right when he pointed out that the Reagan Administration's help in driving down the dollar to about half its 1985 level has done little for the trade deficit. Of course, this is rather an argument against the kind of political jiggering of currencies and trade levels he's after, but he didn't let that get in the way of his main point. "There would be no 1988 trade bill without Democratic leadership," he said, something Republicans will probably want to remind the American public about in coming campaigns.

The reason is that playing on America's latent fear of the Yellow Peril may help Gephardt make a name for himself—it may even get him the Democratic nomination—but it's not likely to survive a full campaign, when the benefits of Japanese investment and trade start to be compared against the costs Gephardt would exact. In fact, the brunt of Japan's closed markets is borne by the Japanese consumer, whose lower standard of living enables us to pay much less for our stereos, TVs, and appliances. The Majority Leader's demagoguery on the subject has already diminished his standing among serious people, and even at the grass roots, folks will be a lot less enthusiastic once they realize that a President Gephardt means shelling out an extra $200 or so for their next Sony.

"Americans like to mouth off about the Japanese," says the chief economist for the U.S. Chamber of Commerce, Richard Rahn. "But when they actually go into the voting booth to choose their President, they behave much more responsibly."

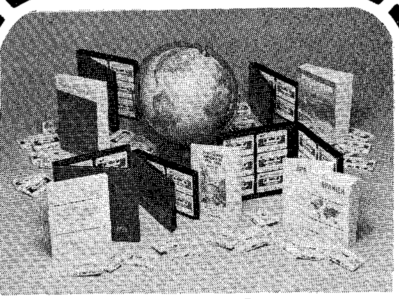
THIS IS precisely what the GOP is banking on, and it is helped along by Gephardt's increasing itch to rush in where statesmen fear to tread, particularly against a President who enjoys such broad-based popularity. His agitation for higher taxes, coupled with calls for sending money to the Soviets, prompted White House spokesman Marlin Fitzwater to label him the "Maxwell Smart of politics," a reference to the bumbling spy in the 1960s TV series *Get Smart*.

"Democrats have a recent tradition of Walter Mondale popularizing tax increases, Michael Dukakis popularizing weekend furloughs for murderers, and Richard Gephardt popularizing aid to the Soviet Union," says Newt Gingrich. "I'd be curious to know who their pollsters are."

Even some Democrats, such as Senator Bill Bradley (N.J.), would like to know. In opposition against a President blessed with a strong economy, a decreased threat from abroad, and an almost unmatched approval rating, the Democrats desperately need to provide a convincing alternative to the GOP if they are ever to recapture the White House. Their problem is that few real alternatives they can come up with are convincing, and anything that is convincing is not likely to be an alternative. Gephardt personifies this dilemma. Japan-bashing, higher taxes, and aid to the Soviets will certainly set them apart from the GOP, but it's hard to see how giving the public that kind of clear choice works to the Democrats' advantage.

"As Majority Leader you have to draw clear policy lines," says Richard Moe, a Gephardt friend and political consultant. "I think Gephardt did just that."

He certainly did. □



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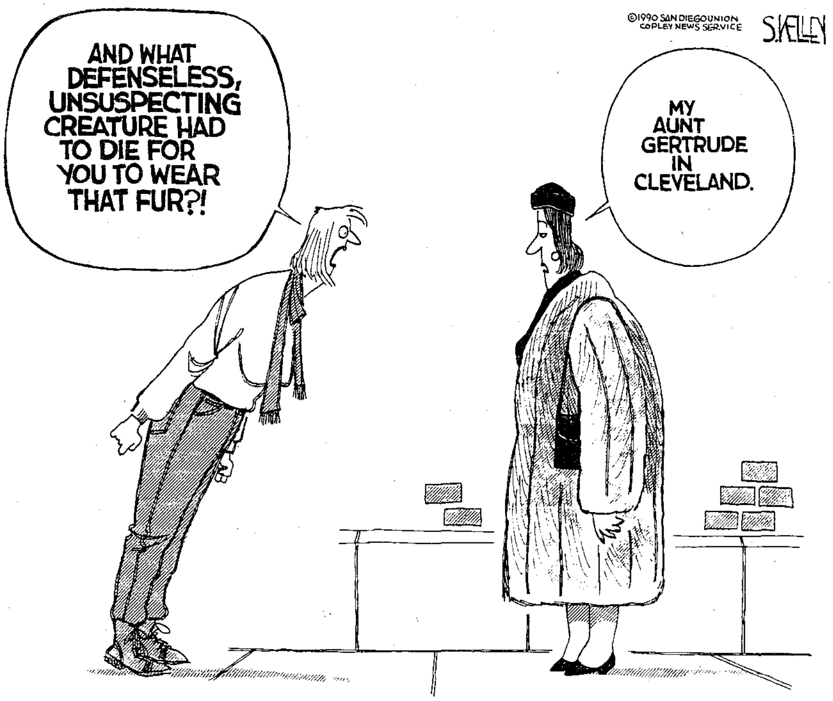
AND WHAT DEFENSELESS, UNSUSPECTING CREATURE HAD TO DIE FOR YOU TO WEAR THAT FUR?!
MY AUNT GERTRUDE IN CLEVELAND.

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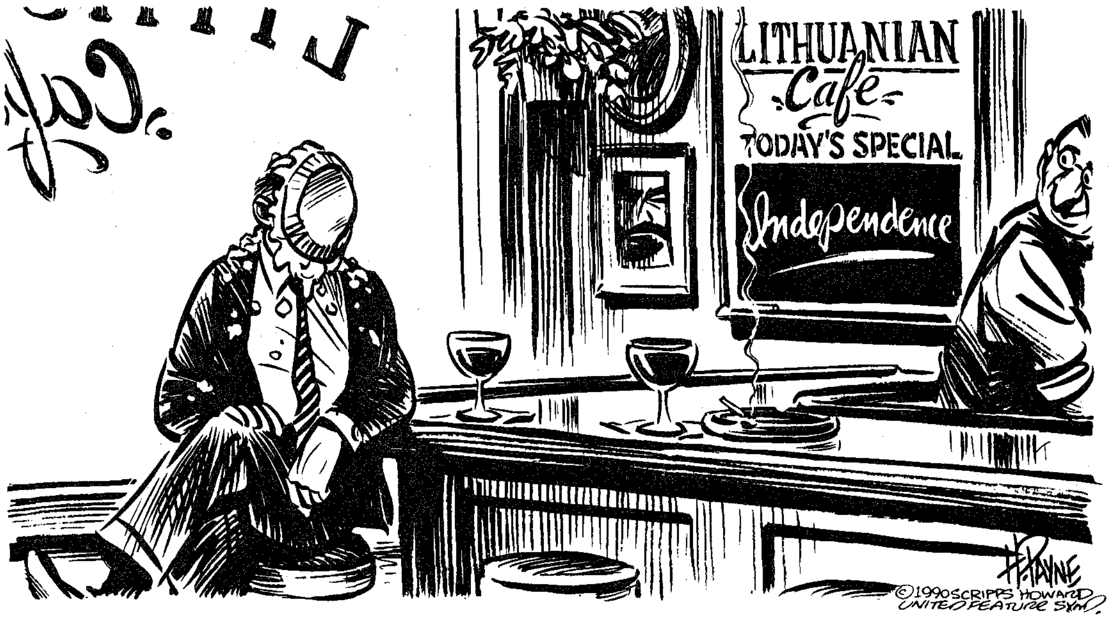
LITHUANIAN Cafe
TODAY'S SPECIAL
Independence
Cafe

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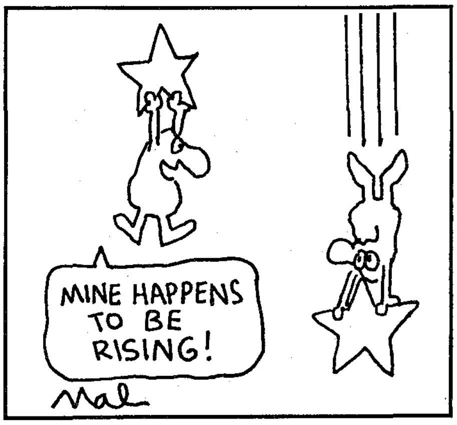
WITH SMOOTH CONFIDENCE, HE SLIPPED INTO THE SEAT BESIDE HER. HE PAUSED, GIVING HER TIME TO FEEL HIS PRESENCE AND FOR HIS COLOGNE TO TICKLE HER NOSTRILS. THEN HE PUT ON THE OL' GORBACHEV CHARM...

Sic Semper Tyrannis

Like soiled, bloody shirts hung out to dry
Went Daniel, Erich, Janos, Nicolae.
So is it really premature to tell
If Cuba will remain *semper Fidel*?

MILES DAVID MOORE


MINE HAPPENS TO BE RISING!
Mal

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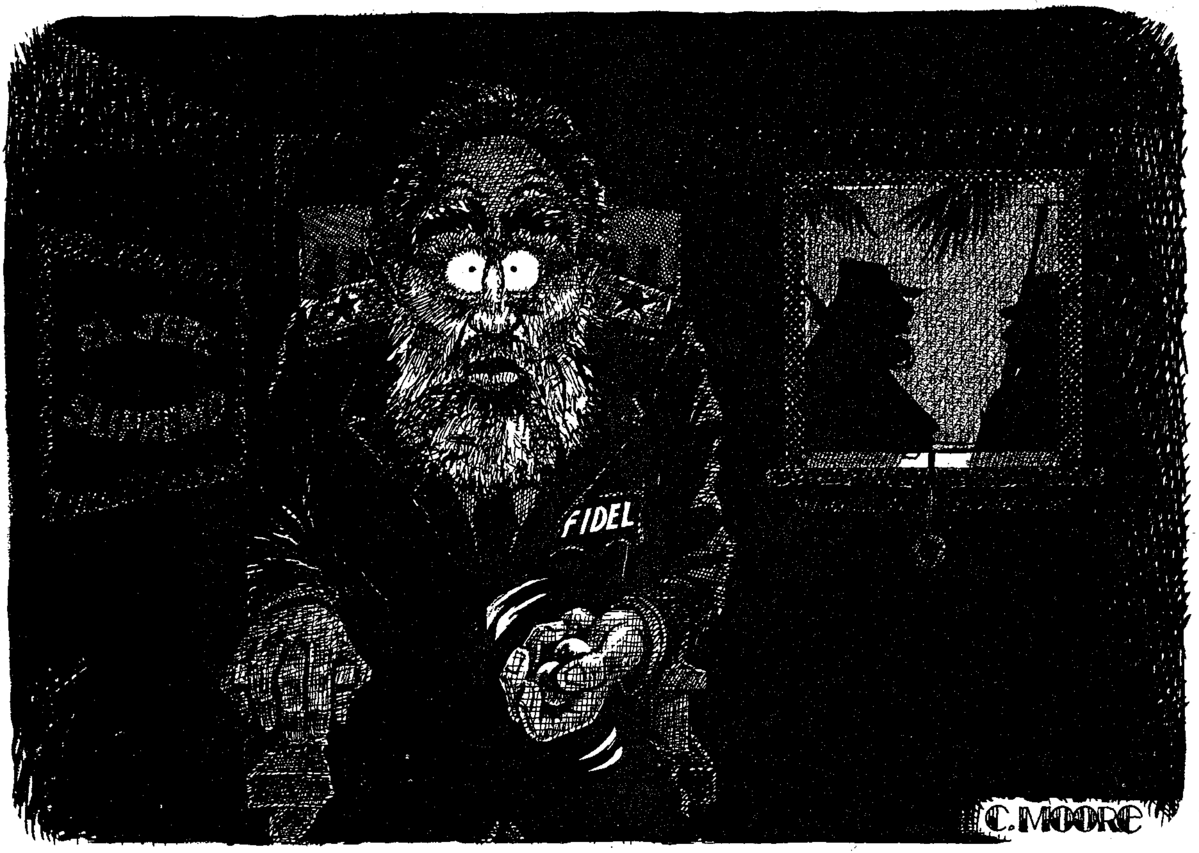
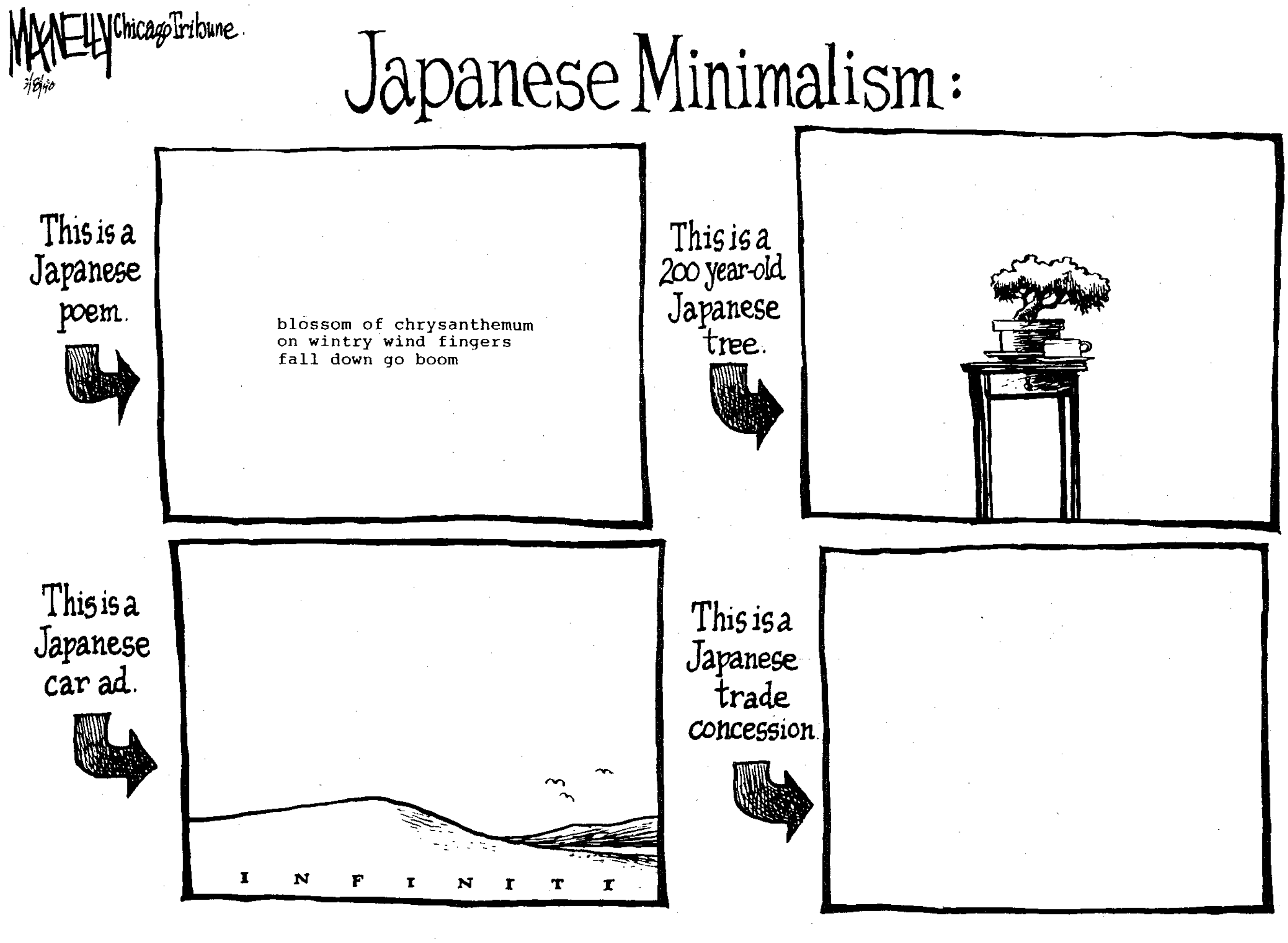
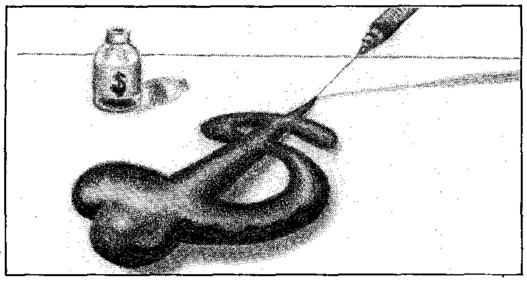

FIDEL
C. MOORE

"Since the Nicaraguan election, he just sits there in the dark rolling those little steel balls . . ."


MACNELLY Chicago Tribune
Japanese Minimalism:
This is a Japanese poem.
blossom of chrysanthemum
on wintry wind fingers
fall down go boom
This is a 200 year-old Japanese tree.
This is a Japanese car ad.
I N F I N I T I
This is a Japanese trade concession.

National Health Insurance

AN EXPENSIVE WAY TO DIE



Adopt a system of national health insurance, we are told, and we can have health care more cheaply and more equitably. But we'd never live to see it.

JOHN C. GOODMAN

COUNTRIES with national health insurance spend less on health care than the U.S. does. It is all too easy to assume that the U.S. can therefore control health-care costs through national health insurance without any loss of benefits. And this mistake is encouraged by a number of myths.

Myth #1: Although the United States spends more on health care per capita than countries with national health insurance, the U.S. does not get better health care for the extra dollars it spends.

This myth rests upon the fact that life expectancy hardly differs among the developed countries and that infant mortality in the U.S. is actually *higher* than in most other developed countries.

In fact, a population's general mortality is affected by a great many factors over which doctors and hospitals have little influence. For those diseases and injuries for which modern medicine can affect the outcome, however, which country the patient lives in really matters. Life expectancy is not the same among developed countries for premature babies, for children born with spina bifida, or for people who have cancer, a brain tumor, heart disease, or chronic renal failure. Their chances of survival are best in the United States.

Consider the availability of modern technology in the U.S. and in Canada, a country with comprehensive national health insurance. There are eight times more magnetic-resonance-imaging units (the latest improvement on X-rays), seven times more radiation-therapy units (used in the treatment of cancer), about six times more lithoptripsy units (used for nonsurgical removal of kidney stones), and about three times more open-heart-surgery units and cardiac-catheterization units per capita in the United States than in Canada.

It is sometimes argued that countries with national health insurance delay the purchase of expensive technology in order to see if it really works and is cost-effective. Even if true, patients will be denied access to life-saving treatment while government bureaucracies evaluate it. For example, during the 1970s, life-saving innovations were made in the fields of renal dialysis, CAT-scan technology, and pacemaker technology. Yet the implant rate of pacemakers in the U.S. during the mid 1970s was more than four times the rate in Britain, and almost twenty times the rate in Canada (see chart, page 31). The availability of CAT scanners in the U.S. was more than three times that in Canada and almost six times that in Britain. The treatment rate of kidney patients in the U.S. was more than 60 per cent greater than in Canada and Britain.

There is considerable evidence that cost effectiveness is not what drives the bias against modern medical technology abroad. CAT-scan technology was invented in Britain, and until recently Britain exported about half the CAT scanners used in the world. Yet the British government has purchased only a handful of CAT scanners for use in the National Health Service. Brittish scientists also co-developed kidney dialysis. Yet Britain has one of the lowest dialysis rates in all of Europe, and as many as nine thousand British kidney patients per year are denied the treatment.

In the United States we pay more for health care. But we also get more. And what we get saves lives.

Myth #2: Countries with national health insurance have solved the problem of access to health care.

Mr. Goodman is president of the Dallas-based National Center for Policy Analysis.

In Britain and New Zealand, hospital services are completely paid for by government. Yet both countries have long waiting lists for hospital surgery. In Britain, with a population of about 55 million, the number of people waiting for surgery is almost eight hundred thousand. In New Zealand, with a population of three million, the waiting list is about fifty thousand. In both countries, elderly patients in need of a hip replacement can wait in pain for years. Patients waiting for heart surgery are often at risk of their lives.

In response to rationing by waiting, both Britain and New Zealand have witnessed a growing market in private health insurance—where citizens willingly pay for prompt private surgery, rather than wait for "free" surgery in public hospitals. In Britain, the number of people with private insurance has more than doubled in the last ten years, to about 12 per cent of the population. In New Zealand, one-third of the population has private health insurance, and private hospitals now perform 25 per cent of all surgical procedures.

Use of Modern Medical Technology in the 1970s

Country	Pacemakers Per 100,000 Population, 1976	CAT Scanners Per Million Population, 1979	Kidney Dialysis And/Or Transplants Per Million Population, 1976
Australia	7.3	1.9	65.8
Canada	2.3	1.7	73.4
France	22.6	0.6	111.3
West Germany	34.6	2.6	105.0
Italy	18.8	NA	102.0
Japan	2.7	4.6	NA
United Kingdom	9.8	1.0	71.2
United States	44.2	5.7	120.0

Source: National Center for Policy Analysis

Canada has had a national-health program for only a few decades. But because the demand for health care has proved insatiable, and because the Canadian government has resolutely refused to increase spending beyond about 8.5 per cent of GNP, the waiting lines have been growing. In Newfoundland the wait for a hip replacement is about six to ten months, the wait for cataract surgery is two months, for pap smears up to five months, for "urgent" pap smears two months (see chart, page 32). All over Canada, heart patients must wait for coronary bypass surgery, and the Canadian press frequently reports episodes of heart patients dying while on the waiting list. Unlike Britain and New Zealand, however, Canada does not allow patients to turn to the private sector, although Canadian patients who can afford to do so sometimes travel to the U.S. for medical services they cannot get in their own country.

Myth #3: Countries with national health insurance hold down costs by operating more efficiently.

By and large, countries that have succeeded in slowing the growth of health-care spending have done so by *denying people services*, not by making efficient use of resources.

How much does it cost a hospital to perform an appendectomy? Outside the U.S. it is doubtful that there is a public hospital anywhere in the world that could answer that question. One reason for Margaret Thatcher's health-care reforms is that even Britain's best hospitals did not keep adequate records, and it was not uncommon for the head of a hospital department to be unaware of how many people his department employed.

What about bed management? Consider that while fifty thousand people wait for surgery in New Zealand, one out of every five hospital beds is empty. While nearly eight hundred thousand people wait for surgery in Britain, at any point in time about one out of every four hospital beds is empty. In both Britain and New Zealand, about 25 per cent of all acute beds, desperately needed for surgery, are clogged by chronically ill patients who are using the hospitals as nursing homes—often at six times the cost of alternative facilities. In Ontario about 25 per cent of hospital beds are occupied by elderly chronic patients. Hospital administrators apparently believe chronic patients are less expensive than acute patients (because they mainly use the "hotel" services of the hospital), and thus are less of a drain on limited budgets.

Myth #4: Under national health insurance money is allocated so that it has the greatest impact on health.

Even when resources are organized efficiently, they are still distributed with random extravagance under systems of national health insurance. These systems take millions of dollars that could be spent to save lives and cure diseases, and spend this money to provide a vast array of services to people who are not seriously ill. Take the ambulance service. English "patients" take more than 21 million ambulance rides each year—about one ride for every two people in all of England. About 91 per cent of these rides are for non-emergency purposes (such as taking an elderly person to a pharmacy) and amount to little more than a free taxi service. Yet for genuine emergencies, the typical British ambulance has little of the life-saving equipment considered standard in most large American cities.

While tens of thousands who are classified as in "urgent need" of surgery wait for hospital beds, the NHS spends millions on items that have only marginal effects on health and which could well be financed either by charges on the patients or by a low-cost limited private insurance. On the average, the NHS spends more than $70 million each year on tranquilizers, sedatives, and sleeping pills; almost $19 million on antacids; and about $21 million on cough medicine. If the NHS did nothing more than charge patients the full costs of the sleeping pills and tranquilizers they consume, enough money would be freed to treat ten thousand to 15,000 additional cancer patients each year and save the lives of an additional three thousand kidney patients.

Myth #5: Under national health insurance the elderly in the U.S. will receive at least the same benefits they now receive under Medicare.

The elderly have the most to lose from the adoption of national health insurance. Take chronic kidney failure. Across Europe generally, in the late 1970s, 22 per cent of dialysis centers reported that they refused to treat patients over 55 years of age. In Britain in 1978, 35 per cent of the dialysis centers refused to treat patients over the age of 55; 45 per cent refused to treat patients over the age of 65; and patients over the age of 75 rarely received treatment at all for this disease.

How pervasive is denial of life-saving medical technology to elderly patients in other countries? Lacking hard data, one can only speculate. However, a white 65-year-old male in the U.S. can expect to live 1.3 years longer than a 65-year-old British male. A white 65-year-old female in the U.S. can expect to live 1.4 years longer than a 65-year-old British female. For middle-aged males, U.S. mortality rates are higher than European ones. During the retirement years, however, when medical intervention can make much more of a difference, the U.S. mortality rate is significantly below that of European countries.

Myth #6: The defects of national-health-insurance schemes in other countries could be easily remedied by a few reforms.

The characteristics described above are not accidental byproducts of government-run health-care systems. Instead, they are the natural and inevitable consequences of politicizing medical practice.

Why are elderly and poor patients discriminated against in the rationing of acute care under national health insurance? Because national health insurance is always and everywhere a middle-class phenomenon. Prior to the introduction of national health insurance, every country had some government-funded program to meet the health-care needs of the poor. The middle-class working population not only had to pay for its own health care, but it was also paying taxes to fund health care for the poor. National insurance extends the "free ride" to the middle-class working population, and it is designed to serve the interests of this population.

Why do national-health-insurance schemes skimp on expensive services to the seriously ill while providing a multitude of inexpensive services to those who are only marginally ill? Because numerous services provided to the marginally ill create benefits for millions of people (read: millions of voters), while acute and intensive care services concentrate large amounts of money on a handful of patients (read: small number of voters). Democratic political pressures dictate the redistribution of resources from the few to the many.

Why are sensitive rationing decisions left to the hospital bureaucracies? Because the alternative is politically impossible. As a practical matter, no government can afford to make it a national policy that nine thousand people every year will be denied treatment for chronic kidney failure and die. Nor can any government announce that some people must wait for surgery so that elderly patients can use hospitals as surrogate nursing homes, or that elderly patients must be moved so that surgery can proceed. Budgetary decisions made by politicians and administrators are transformed into clinical decisions made by doctors.

Average Waiting Time
In Newfoundland 1988

Procedure	Average Wait
Mammogram	2½ months
Bone scan	1–1½ months
Myelogram	3–4 months
Brain shunt	5 months
Hip replacement	6–10 months
Cataract surgery	2 months
CAT scan	2 months
Pap smear	2–5 months
Urgent pap smear	2 months

Based on physician surveys by the Fraser Institute. Michael Walker, "From Canada: A Different Viewpoint," *Health Management Quarterly*, Vol. XI, No. 1, 1989, p. 12.

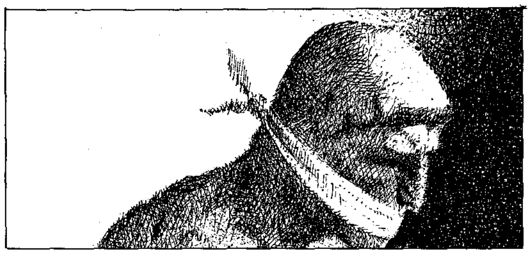
Myth #7: Since national health insurance is very popular in other countries, it would also be popular in the Unites States.

National health insurance remains popular in other countries precisely because it does not function the way its advocates believe it should. It "works" in other countries for three reasons: 1) The wealthy, the powerful, and those who are most skilled at articulating their complaints find ways to maneuver to the front of the lines. 2) Those pushed to the end are generally unaware of the medical technologies denied to them. 3) There are no contingency fees, no generally recognized right of due process, and no lawyers willing to represent those who are systematically discriminated against—though these are beginning to develop, as, for instance, kidney patients learn the facts of their situation and organize into pressure groups on the AIDS model.

"Don't push me around" is a distinctively American phrase. In Europe, people have been pushed around for centuries. In the U.S. we have widespread access to information about modern medical technology, a legal system that encourages litigation, and a strong devotion to basic rights of due process. National health insurance, as it operates in other countries, would not survive the American cultural and legal system. ☐

Modest Revolution

THE SILENCE OF THE CLERKS



German intellectuals, irritated at the bourgeois tone of the revolution in their midst, are maintaining an angry silence. But it doesn't matter—the people aren't listening anyway.

JOACHIM FEST

THERE ARE times when silence is more articulate than any number of words. One of the most striking things about 1989 was the silence with which the intelligentsia of the Federal Republic and the GDR met the year's revolutionary events. This became a silence compounded by despondency when the results of the first free election in East Germany were declared. There is a somewhat ironic angle to this. The words that poured out *ad nauseam* on the bicentennial of the French Revolution only made the silent response to the current revolution all the more audible. Critical awareness had suddenly become speechless.

This astonishing reticence deserves some consideration. It can be interpreted as a mark of embarrassment in face of the failure of an idea, namely socialism, which, more than any other, could rely on the sympathy of those who love dreaming up plans for social happiness. Furthermore, as long as the people stayed put, and the Wall stayed up, this silence could be justified as concern for a status quo which secured peace (even though this ultimately amounted to a justification of the existing repression). But the grounds for that explanation have now been destroyed, and it is fair to ask whether there are deeper reasons for this dumbness.

Leaving aside the tragic events in Rumania, what strikes one about the revolutions of 1989 is not just their largely peaceful development, which has undermined the classic concept of revolution involving insurrection, violence, and civil war. In addition, they took on a confusing and poignant nature precisely because they lacked that element of social revolutionary fervor which has dominated almost every historical revolution of modern times. (The various attempts to interpret the current revolution as one of true socialism against its deformation merely turn the truth upon its head.)

Revolution without Theorists

WE ARE dealing in Germany for the first time with a revolution that has not been preceded by its theorists. That may help to explain something of the uneasiness which the intellectuals' silence expresses. It also reveals a deep break with the past. Ever since the Enlightenment, when the undermining of traditional power structures began and power had to justify itself to reason, all revolutions have been preceded by intellectual theorists, who devised, justified, yearned for, and in some cases even helped realize a radical change in the course of history. Even the National Socialist seizure of power had its own ancestry of remarkable names.

But current developments diverge from this tradition. The gulf between those who usually lay down the revolutionary law and the actual protagonists in the streets is reflected in two events: the loyal address proffered to Erich Honecker by the Students Committee of the Free University of West Berlin on the occasion of the fortieth anniversary of the GDR; and the failure of the proclamation "for our country" with which Christa Wolf and others tried to assert the autonomy of the GDR. This would have vanished without even an echo if Egon Krenz's support had not given it some unwelcome resonance.*

The intellectuals, whether from East or West Germany, unlike those of Poland, Czechoslovakia, and Rumania, did not prepare the ground for the revolutionary nights of last November. There never was in Germany a movement like Charter 77, not even one directed from the safe terrain of the Federal Republic. One looks in vain for such outright champions of fundamental human rights as Vaclav Havel or Mircea Dinescu among German intellectuals. Most of them reserved their enthusiasm for imaginary paradises, untouched by the misery of the people next door.

Nowhere is this better revealed than in the attitude of the Greens. It is legitimate to have some reservations

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Mr. Fest is editor of the Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung *and author of, among other books,* Hitler.

about the idea of a unitary German state; it is possible to see the so-called German question as demanding a greater peace order, for which an increasingly unified Europe provides the framework. On that assumption, it would certainly be necessary to insist that the unification of Europe and Germany proceed hand in hand.

But the indifference with which most speakers of the Green Party, even in the turbulence of those November days, denied their neighbors those rights that they are only too ready to press for in foreign lands, was something altogether different. It is probably wrong to think that this stance revealed a lack of national feeling. What emerged more forcefully was a lack of basic human compassion.

Continuing the German tradition of cultural pessimism and staring at holes in the ozone layer, the Greens adhere so rigidly to visions of apocalypse that better times anywhere in the world are a concept too subtle and imaginative for them. One is sometimes tempted to think that many who are molded by this most German of all German traditions are paralyzed by the discovery that history has, for once, not hatched a catastrophe.

It says something about his standing that Willy Brandt grasped the importance of these events at an early stage and, brushing aside all tactical considerations, found the right words not only to express the emotion of the moment but also to do justice to political reason. That is all the more impressive since, in saying these things, he had to abandon positions advanced by his own party.

On the other hand, the opinions of those who believe themselves free of the need to make political calculations seem, curiously, far more biased by rigid patterns of thought. The reflections of many in the intelligentsia have all too obviously been conditioned by ideological preoccupations as well as by estimates of who and what is likely to gain or lose politically. On top of these, there is a tendency to elevate theory high above life—an old German trait.

The discussion about whether the collapse of the East German Communist regime should be seen as a "triumph of capitalism" can be seen in this light. It reveals not only the fixation on ideology, rather than on people, but also the well-worn tracks of intellectual argument. For, of course, it is not capitalism that has triumphed—least of all that obsolete form of capitalism whose image is readily conjured up in this context. What has proved superior is rather the concept and (albeit inadequate)

practice of an open society which is identified with capitalism only insofar as capitalism is the economic order with which it is affiliated. It is a misunderstanding of the revolutionary processes in Warsaw, Budapest, or East Berlin to judge them by such preconditioned patterns and ignore the demand for civil rights which so obviously spurs them on.

An open society consists of meaningful basic rights, a free vote, freedom of expression, constitutional safeguards including separation of powers, and control of the administration. What is coming to an end is the anachronistic class society under a socialist aegis—the neo-feudalism of the Honeckers, Husaks, and Ceausescus.

Increasingly, however, this silence of the intellectuals is superseded by a new utopianism—by dreams of a brave new world which apparently no debacle can put paid to. Amidst the ruins not only of the GDR but of all socialist systems in Europe, plans are already being devised for new orders where societies once again figure as experimental domains and the people as mere material. According to a literary wisdom which has again found followers, no thinking being can live without a utopia.

Speaking from an experience which excludes any suspicion of ideology, the writer Monika Maron has written: "Whenever I hear that somebody knows what will render other people happy, whenever I read that somebody commands the services of millions of people in the name of an idea, be it only in their imagination, whenever I see fresh make-up being applied to an old ideology in order to disguise its death, I am seized with horror."

Ultimately, the lesson of the epoch, painful to some, must probably be that utopia, the yearning for a world full of harmony, order, and justice heightened by spiritual luster, is an illusion. Perhaps one will have to make do without utopia. The irritation and even open derision with which neighboring Eastern countries greet attempts at salvaging the idea of socialism suggest that those people do not give it the slightest chance, that they do not grant socialism or any other "ism" the status even of a possible alternative. For utopias have always ended in a system of subjugation, which constitute not an aberration but the inevitable logic of all "isms" in practice.

Utopia Limited

BY THEIR NATURE it could not be otherwise. For utopian ideologies do not conceive of themselves as merely an idea coexisting with other competing ideas, but as the one true idea against the darkness of all others. As was stated last May in all presumptuous innocence in *Neues Deutschland*, the official organ of the East German Communists: "Anti-Communists are always in the wrong; despite some mistakes and defeats we, the Communists, are always right." That sentence describes with the utmost brevity why such systems of thought, of whatever provenance, are irreconcilable with the principle of an open society, and why the democratic socialism on which new expectations are staked either is a mistake or is the political and social order which, with all its weaknesses, already exists in the Federal Republic and elsewhere.

Suspicion of intellectuals as political spokesmen is making itself felt in the polarization now taking place in East Germany and reflected in the success of the Christian Democrats in the election there. Hardly any of these intellectuals had spoken up and demanded the obvious when it mattered. Rather, that was done by the people in the streets, moved not by any ideal vision but simply by the intolerable character of prevailing circumstances. Perhaps it was this that determined the level-headed course of this unprecedented revolution, this dispensing with radicalism which many have felt to be the real miracle. For the turn to inhumanity always springs from the dogmatism of a theory.

What comes through as the impulse behind all the uprisings from Warsaw to Bucharest is the people's demand to be spared those political systems of deliverance which have their roots in the nineteenth century and which have claimed millions of victims in our century. Vaclav Havel recently spoke up against the terror of ideologies and interpreted the revolutions of 1989 as an uprising of the right to modest happiness against the great political blueprints of salvation: "Who is proposing some 'radiant dawn' to us yet again?"

Should this be so, it would not only reveal to what extent those who are devising social plans yet again are dreaming the dreams of yesteryear. It would also help to explain how, in their fixation on systems and in their estrangement from the people, they have missed the revolution of the past year. For the nineteenth century—still the source for the polarizations and the ideal visions—is coming to an end. The pack has been shuffled. But many are still sitting at the table with the old cards, trying desperately and unsuccessfully to read the signs. □

THE YEN-DOLLAR AXIS

YOU PAT MY BACK, I'LL PAT YOURS

While many Americans resented Japan's hunger for foreign investment in the Eighties, we may yet feel nostalgia for the rising yen.

DAVID HALE

DURING THE 1980s, the U.S. often quarreled with Japan over her import barriers and aggressive export strategies, but the two countries had highly complementary macroeconomic policies. The U.S. needed foreign capital to compensate for her low domestic savings rate and large budget deficits. Japan—because of her austere fiscal policies and high private savings rate—had excess cash and was willing to funnel it to the United States.

In addition, Japan was extraordinarily protective of the United States in the conduct of her fiscal and monetary policies. Since the mid 1980s, the overwhelming priority of Japanese public policy has been to promote international economic harmony by helping America to cope with her financial difficulties. First, the Japanese pursued highly stimulative macroeconomic policies after 1986 and more than doubled the level of their manufactured imports. Second, during the dollar crises of the late 1980s, Japan intervened on a large scale to help stabilize the U.S. financial markets. The Ministry of Finance (MOF) purchased nearly $60 billion of U.S. dollar securities. The Japanese central bank attempted to restrict credit growth not by raising interest rates but through controls on bank lending. The MOF even requested the big Tokyo insurance companies to stop selling U.S. Treasury bonds. Finally, unlike some other allies (such as Britain) Japan has strongly backed the Brady plan to provide debt relief for Latin America. Boosting the economies of Latin America, according to the MOF, is a good way to stimulate U.S. exports.

To be sure, because Japan is so dependent upon America for trade and military security, her support for the U.S. financial markets reflected self-interest as well as altruism. If there had been an election-year recession in the U.S., it might have provoked an even sharper swing toward protectionism than we in fact saw. Many Japanese industries also endorsed the MOF's dollar-support operations because of concern about excessive yen appreciation damaging their own competitiveness. But irrespective of her short-term motives, Japan deserves considerable credit for recognizing as early as she did the global implications of her new creditor-power status. This was in striking contrast to America's behavior during the 1920s, when she displaced Britain as the world's leading creditor power. At that time, the U.S. helped set the stage for the Great Depression by failing to recognize the public-policy implications of her new role. Despite America's large capital exports, the U.S. Congress enacted two major tariff hikes which made it difficult for other countries to service their debts by increasing exports to the United States.

Sayonara?

ALTHOUGH the United States and Japan continue to have a strong interest in working together, the relationship now faces a series of threats.

First, Japan will soon have to comply with several new American trade demands or face sanctions. This spring it has to satisfy both the Administration and Congress that it has taken effective action to comply with the 1988 omnibus trade bill by opening its markets for supercomputers, wood products, and satellites.

Meanwhile, American and Japanese bureaucrats are locked in a complex round of negotiations over the removal of several so-called "structural impediments" to trade. The SII talks were

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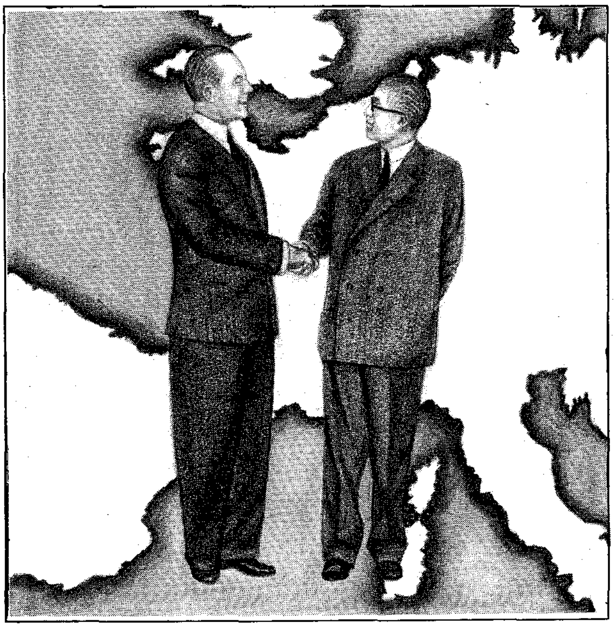
originally conceived by the U.S. Treasury as a complement to Super 301, but several Democratic congressmen now want to add SII to the 1988 trade bill itself. [See also "Tricky Dick . . . Gephardt," p. 26.] If they do, Congress would effectively be demanding that Japan undertake the most far-reaching changes in her laws governing land use, retail distribution, and taxation since the American occupation. Some Tokyo officials actually favor such reforms because they would enhance the efficiency of the Japanese economy, but there are powerful domestic interest groups opposed. America's demands are also coming at a time when Japan has a relatively weak government. In 1989, the ruling Liberal Democratic Party lost control of the upper house of the Diet. Despite his election victory in the lower house, Prime Minister Toshiki Kaifu has such a narrow political base in his own party that he may be replaced later this year.



A second major threat derives from the passing of the cold war and Japan's rapid advance as a formidable competitor in high technology. Japan is increasingly viewed as a challenge to traditional American beliefs about the effectiveness of laissez-faire trade and industrial policies. As a result, many American intellectuals and journalists believe that the fading struggle between capitalism and Communism is to be replaced by a new competition between Asian corporatism and American capitalism. There is also the temptation to make Japan a scapegoat, blaming our trade deficit on Japanese microeconomic rigidities rather than American macro imbalances.

Ironically, one of the most strident critics of Japan has been Arthur Laffer, the original high priest of Reaganomics and thus one of the men most responsible for the dramatic expansion of Japan's trade surplus in the 1980s. In his January newsletter, Mr. Laffer expressed a bewildering mixture of anger and resentment at Japan's new global financial role:

> On a public-policy level, Japan is far and away the world's most dangerous nation. By analogy, they are the equivalent of an immature teenager with a fully gassed Corvette or a 13-year-old with a loaded shotgun. . . . The irrational behavior of well-to-do adolescents is legendary. They *start* wars. Qaddafi *without* oil money would be nothing.

Hostility toward rich foreigners is not a new phenomenon. During the late nineteenth century, Britain emerged as the great bogeyman of American political debates about the cause of low farm prices and high real interest rates. Britain was then America's primary creditor, and the dollar was linked to the pound via the gold standard. The 1896 Democratic platform even referred to the gold standard as a "form of financial servitude to London." But while there is ample historical precedent for America's new economic nationalism, it is the Japanese, not the Americans, who should be worried about the consequences of so much of Japanese savings being diverted here. Japan's large capital outflows are depressing the yen and increasing Japanese interest rates while reducing America's own capital costs. In March, America's real bond yields were slightly lower than Japan's despite the wide gap in the two countries' savings rates. As low capital costs have been one of the major underpinnings of Japan's high rate of investment, the outflow of money may do more to alter Japanese business practices and investment patterns than all the demands being made by U.S. negotiators.

The third great threat is growing concern within Japan about the asset inflation which resulted from the subordination of Japanese monetary policy to dollar-support operations. Between 1986 and 1989, price–earnings ratios tripled and property values soared. Now this asset inflation has become a source of great social and political divisiveness. In January, the new governor of the Bank of Japan, Yasushi Mieno, rocked Tokyo's financial markets by suggesting that interest rates should be hiked in order to depress rising land prices. During 1987–88 Mr. Mieno was a fierce critic of Japan's pro-dollar policy, and he now wants to overshoot the other way. The MOF has resisted his advice on the grounds that the asset inflation reflects supply distortions in the real-estate market, not just monetary policy, and that severe monetary tightening would conflict with Japan's new role as an anchor for global monetary stability.

But while the surge in Japan's asset prices has not yet triggered a broad rise in retail prices, it does pose inflation risks. Because of the high price of domestic land and equities, Japanese investors have been expanding their foreign direct investment and equity purchases to levels which now exceed the current-account surplus. As a result, the yen is weak and import prices are rising. When Japanese capital outflows were targeted primarily on foreign bond markets, the yen did not fall sharply because purchases were often hedged. But since the Japanese do not usually hedge foreign real-estate and equity purchases, it will be difficult to stabilize the yen without some mixture of higher interest rates and lower asset prices within Japan.

Enter Germany

THE FINAL great threat to the yen–dollar axis is the probable effects of German reunification on global capital flows. It is quite possible that the costs of reintegration will push Germany's public-sector deficit from 1 per cent of GNP in 1989 to 5 or 6 per cent next year. Private investment in East Germany could be as high as 500 billion marks during the next few years. After a decade of global macroeconomic harmony resulting from highly divergent savings behavior on the two sides of the Pacific, the international system must now contend with a lurch toward fiscal overconvergence on the two sides of the Atlantic. Instead of being Nippon's automatic borrower and spender of last resort, America is now heading into a financial *ménage à trois* which will include a capital-hungry Europe and a less thrifty Japan. If Americans resented Japanese financial power when the MOF was protecting the dollar, what will they think when Japan decides to divert more of its shrinking pool of surplus savings to Europe?

The good news for Japan is that a reunified Germany could ultimately emerge as a target for some of the economic xenophobia which Americans now reserve for Asia. The new Germany will have eighty million people and a GNP equal to 35 per cent of America's. Like Japan, Germany was a late industrializer and has a corporatist economic tradition. In contrast to the Japanese, German officials also have a long history of publicly scolding American policymakers. As this Teutonic tendency toward outspokenness is unlikely to shrink as Germany's economy expands, Washington could easily find itself turning back to Tokyo for consolation when quarrels with Berlin develop. In fact, we may see a dramatic realignment of American international economic policy. Since the mid 1980s the U.S. has criticized other industrial countries for oversaving and underconsuming. But if Germany's new capital needs continue to push up world interest rates, the Administration is likely to rethink the advice it dispenses to Europe and Japan. Indeed, might we see, at this June's G-7 conference in Houston, Mr. Bush rising to express alarm about the high level of world interest rates, to criticize countries that hog surplus savings through profligate budget deficits, and to announce that it is time for a large tax increase—in the Federal Republic of Germany? □

WALL STREET WATCH

INSIDER TRADING—WHERE'S THE CRIME?

DOUG BANDOW

THE GOVERNMENT would have us believe that insider trading is the white-collar equivalent of murder. Former U.S. Attorney Rudolph Giuliani sent a number of insider traders to prison; his successor, Benito Romano, is attempting to nail the big enchilada, Michael Milken, and last August won a guilty plea (for one count of mail fraud) from Goldman Sachs's Robert Freeman. Moreover, Drexel Burnham has gone under, in large part as a result of its plea-bargained settlement—which cost the firm $650 million and much of its autonomy—of the insider-trading and other charges against it.

Unfortunately, this misguided crusade seems only likely to intensify. In late 1988 Congress passed legislation doubling the maximum jail term, to ten years, and increasing by ten times, to $1 million, the allowable fine for insider traders, as well as authorizing the SEC to reward informers. The legislation was intended, in the words of Representative Matthew Rinaldo (R., N.J.), to "send a clear signal to Wall Street and Main Street that insider trading will not be tolerated." Proposals to further stiffen penalties are now before Congress, and Richard Breeden, chosen by President Bush to head the SEC, wants even more power. In March he told the Senate Banking Committee that Drexel's fall was evidence of the SEC's need for additional authority.

What is there about insider trading that warrants a decade in jail and a $1-million fine? And what justifies paying people to spy on their co-workers? Rinaldo argues that "insider trading hurts our markets, hurts our economy, and hurts our people."

Rinaldo's view is shared by a majority of his colleagues, but neither they nor the enforcers at the SEC have offered any evidence to back it up. The politically popular tough approach to insider trading is based on envious feelings, not economic facts. Most insider deals neither wrong individuals nor destabilize markets. The government jails insider traders as a matter of politics, not justice.

The typical insider transaction occurs when someone learns of an impending merger and buys stock in the target company. If the deal goes through, prices rise, and he makes money. What's wrong with that? Most people who trade stocks feel no compunction about using a "hot tip" from a friend or broker. Some tips just turn out to be better than others.

In some cases, to be sure, an insider trade might violate a firm's fiduciary responsibility. For example, if employees of an investment-banking firm involved in a merger leak news of the impending takeover, a raider will have to pay more for his shares. But the proper remedy is a civil suit for damages, not a criminal indictment by the government.

Mobster Milken

CONSIDER the case of Michael Milken, who has been pegged as white-collar public enemy number one, charged with 98 counts of insider trading, securities fraud, and *racketeering*. He had to put up $700 million worth of property as a guarantee against potential forfeitures under RICO; Assistant U.S. Attorney John Carroll, in asking that bond be set at $250 million, compared Milken to former Philippine dictator Ferdinand Marcos.

Yet most of the charges against Milken shouldn't be treated as criminal. For instance, Milken is accused of "parking" stocks with Ivan Boesky—that is, selling them to Boesky while agreeing to repurchase them at a set price in the future. Why is this a crime? In the 1980 case involving the Fischbach Company, the alleged parking arrangement allowed industrialist Victor Posner, a Drexel client, to evade a "standstill" agreement with Fischbach not to buy more of its stock. Posner may have violated a private

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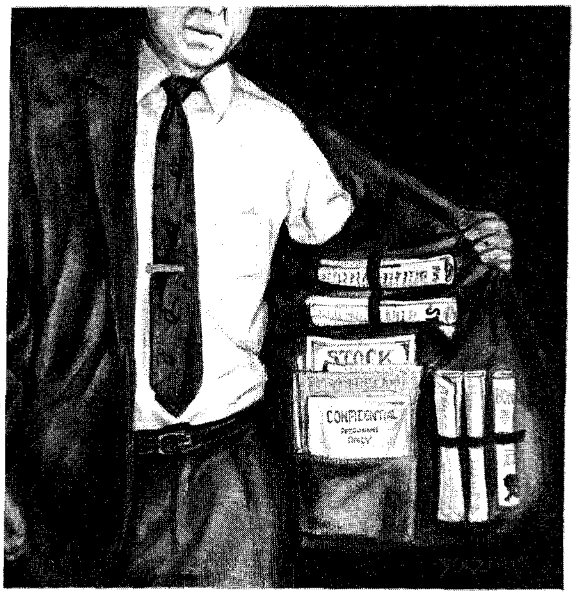
contract and therefore should have been civilly liable; Milken, however, did nothing that warrants an indictment.

Similarly, Milken is charged with manipulating prices to drive down the price of the stock of COMB Companies, which had retained Drexel to manage a convertible offering. If the allegations are true, then in this case Milken caused Drexel to breach its fiduciary responsibility to a client. But COMB should then have sued Milken and Drexel, rather than the U.S. Attorney filing a *criminal* charge.

Finally, there are the ubiquitous counts of insider trading. Milken allegedly arranged insider deals using his knowledge of a proposed merger between Phillips Petroleum and the Diamond Shamrock Corporation, a leveraged buyout of Storer Communications Inc., and several other transactions. If Milken violated Drexel's internal rules, he deserved to be fired; if his activities cost Drexel's clients money, he should be forced to repay them. But in neither case did his actions constitute "crimes" in the traditional sense.

The case against Freeman was even harder to justify. He used his high-level contacts to learn that there was trouble with a 1986 LBO involving Beatrice in which he and Goldman Sachs had invested heavily. What was wrong, for instance, with his calling Henry Kravis, head of Kohlberg Kravis Roberts, which was bidding for Beatrice, to assess the status of the deal? Perhaps Kravis shouldn't have taken the call, but it's hard to see that Freeman did anything morally wrong in making the call.

Even most insider-trading cases involving egregious misconduct don't belong in criminal courts. Dennis Levine's exchange of proprietary information from his work at Drexel Burnham for suitcases of cash from Ivan Boesky was outrageous, and it did hurt Drexel and Drexel's clients. Levine and Boesky were therefore rightly liable for civil damages. But the only conceivable criminal case against them should have been one akin to industrial espionage, and even that would be difficult to justify since Levine misused information that he was given, rather than stole secrets he was not lawfully privy to.



And few insider traders are as culpable as Levine and Boesky. Take former *Wall Street Journal* reporter R. Foster Winans, who wrote what was essentially a gossip column on the stock market. The day before his column, "Heard on the Street," appeared, he would disclose its contents, garnered legally as part of his research, to a broker friend who sometimes traded on the information. Winans violated the newspaper's code of ethics and was properly fired, but he had no fiduciary responsibility to the firms involved and the *Journal* could have legally traded on the information. Nevertheless, he was convicted and imprisoned.

Equally bizarre were unconnected charges against a *Business Week* editor and a sales representative of *Business Week*'s printer who traded on information contained in soon-to-be-released issues of the magazine. The information was public and about to be widely disseminated; those who read the magazine before it went to press obviously had an advantage, but not much more of an advantage than subscribers who lived in areas with better mail service.

Indeed, the SEC has tried, so far unsuccessfully, to extend its rules to *anyone* who trades on non-public information, including those who innocently overhear a conversation. One football coach who traded on information he overheard from oil-company executives at a game was taken to court by the SEC. He won, but only after an expensive fight.

Of course, there is a lot of talk about maintaining the "integrity of the marketplace" and a "level playing field." But no number of prosecutions will equalize the positions of an arbiter in New York and a retiree in Peoria. Nor should we want to stamp out all "inside information," for that would entail stopping anyone who knows anything about the market from buying or selling stocks. Such a policy would be not only manifestly idiotic, but also economically disastrous, because we all have an interest in share prices reaching their true level as quickly as possible. Otherwise millions of people would constantly be making incorrect—and correspondingly costly—investment decisions.

Allowing people to make millions using private information may seem unfair. But that's no reason to jail insider traders and to pay informers. The purpose of the criminal law should not be to assuage envy. Congress should decriminalize insider trading. ☐

MIDEAST DIARY

MORE ARABIAN DAYS

JOHN O'SULLIVAN

Saturday (Continued)

A MEETING with the deputy minister of commerce, Dr. Abdul Rahman Al Zamil, who gives the impression of walking about even when leaning back in a chair. Saudi Arabia is today emerging from an oil recession which cut the price from almost $40 a barrel to just over

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Part I of Mr. O'Sullivan's two-part "Mideast Diary" appeared last issue.

$13—shock treatment for Faisal's strategy of development within tradition. Did it push the Kingdom's emerging entrepreneurs into reliance on subsidies and government support? Or did they cut costs, increase efficiency, and return to the market leaner and fitter? In other words, had they developed the attitudes that are the real engines of development?

Statistics suggest they have done just that. Gross domestic product is up by 3 per cent for the second year; oil revenues are a fifth above their 1988 level; and the economy is more diversified, with non-oil companies exporting profitably. The Saudi economy still has serious problems—there is a persistent fiscal deficit—but it is the most dynamic economy in the region, argued Dr. Al Zamil. The recession had been a forcing-house for better managers, lower costs, more profitable companies, an enterprise culture and a viable private sector.

Saudi Arabia is an open economy. One of its few restrictions is that import companies must have a Saudi national as their agent, which is less a protectionist device than one of several incentives to foster a vigorous Saudi private sector. Companies that are 50 per cent locally owned, for instance, get a generous tax break. Saudi officials, alarmed at how oil wealth led to a parasitic state bureaucracy on the Egyptian model, actively seek to persuade local entrepreneurs to take over tasks now performed by the public sector. (The Saudi Chamber of Commerce, whose guest I was, was established when the government more or less instructed local business to establish a body which could negotiate for it.) Political as well as economic motives lie behind this fostering of the private sector. In a dynastic system, it diverts ambitious people from political struggle along an alternative route to social prestige. But an outside observer must suspect that in the long run the very success of this strategy will undermine it. A confident business class, used to exercising authority in the economy, is not likely to accept an autocratic political system indefinitely, even one as shrewdly managed and attentive to social stirrings as the Saudi dynasty. It is checked today partly because the monarchy protects it from a conservative Islamic populace whose rule would be still more irksome.

Sunday

My main appointment of the day was with Dr. Fuad Al Farsi, the deputy minister of information, in an extraordinary building that looked as if it were about to take off from Cape Canaveral. (Riyadh is dotted with government building whose architects were apparently inspired by *Star Wars*, adding to the impression of similarity to Southern California.)

He was just back from Atlanta after speaking on the hostile image of the Arab in the Western media derived, he argued, almost exclusively from the 1970s oil-price hike, terrorist hijackings, and the harsh punishments of the Islamic *sharia*. Dr. Farsi's criticism can hardly be denied. In Western thrillers, cartoons, and comedy shows, those Arabs who are not dissolute oil sheiks are crazed terrorists. (The exception, unfortunately, is the portrayal by Western sympathizers of Palestinians as *noble* terrorists.)

Lisa Haney

He went on to defend Islamic punishments and social prohibitions—not without good arguments. Alcohol was wreaking havoc in the West. Why introduce it into countries where it was not already embedded? Crime was lower in Saudi Arabia than in the U.S. precisely because the wrongs of the victim received more attention than the psychology of the criminal. What was the West's alternative to the role of women under Islam? Divorce, illegitimacy, and family breakdown.

American conservatives cannot be entirely deaf to arguments based on family, religion, and tradition. No doubt the West could move a few paces in Dr. Farsi's direction without falling under an intolerable puritan tyranny. But what of the influences pushing Saudi society in our direction? Saudis travel abroad in large numbers where they pick up Western habits. Foreign workers account for about one-fifth of the total population. Even with censorship, Western influences intrude directly. As yet, Saudi television reinforces Islamic values. But what will happen when satellites beam in the non-Islamic values of MTV?

Strict Islamic prohibitions are bound to seem increasingly burdensome, producing not virtue but hypocrisy and arbitrariness. Drinking is not unknown in the higher reaches of Saudi society. Yet while I was there, a man was executed for several offenses of distilling. I have considerable sympathy for Dr. Farsi, but I would not relish the job of deputy minister of information in such circumstances.

Monday

Dhahran in the Eastern Province reminded me that the oil boom had not yet fully resumed. My room in the splendid but half-empty Gulf Meridien hotel overlooked an uncompleted corniche of pavilions and gardens along the coast.

My first appointment was with three Gulf businessmen. We quickly got on to the endemic problem of Saudi unemployment. The *Financial Times* estimates that 550,000 graduates will hit the job market in the next five years. Where will they go? Expatriates now keep the economy moving: Westerners in technical and managerial positions, Filipinos doing the menial tasks. Do the Saudis, then, lack a "work ethic"? My host, Mr. Khalid Ali Alturki, thought not. Saudis were once the Filipinos of the Middle East. His own father had left home with other villagers to help build roads and a harbor at Basra during the First World War. Any Saudi dislike of menial work dates from the oil boom.

"I've no desire to give aid and comfort to Mr. Buckley's conservatism," he said, "but the reluctance to work hard has a lot to do with the Saudi welfare bureaucracy, which gave people well-paid jobs with easy hours and no weekends." But a life of entertaining friends over long Turkish-coffee breaks was no more. Recession, a shrinking public sector, and the program to replace expatriate labor with nationals meant Saudis had to work.

One symbol of this "Saudi-ization" is the transformation of American Aramco into Saudi Aramco. The company, under its first Saudi president, Ali Naimi, has nearly 100 per cent of management positions and 50 per cent of professional positions in Saudi hands. But Aramco has always been a progressive company with a large, professional training program and a strong sense of *esprit de corps*. (There cannot be many company exhibitions which are as thrilling as Aramco's.) Other firms may perform less well.

The main problem, however, is that expatriates provide not merely skills, but a high standard of everyday efficiency. Without their constant prodding, the still nascent Saudi enterprise culture is likely to slip back into older ways of doing business. Perhaps fortunately, expatriates are likely to remain part of the Saudi economy for a long time to come.

Evening brought a dinner with American "expats" and a lively discussion on women's rights conducted, as in the U.S., mainly by the women with the men looking on. Are Saudi women demanding more liberty? Yes, replied the majority of women present, *their* women friends certainly were. They wanted, for instance, the right to drive. But were they typical? No, said the minority. Most Saudi women were as conservative as the men and not

A SHORT WALK IN THE HOLY LAND

WHEN YOU enter the Old City of Jerusalem, young Arabs immediately beset you, hoping to sign on as your personal tour guide. "From Germany?" they inquire, trying to finagle you into conversation. "From England, sir?" A polite opening. Anything to wheedle a dollar out of your pocket. Sometimes they drop hints of danger, even veiled threats. "It will be better for you, sir. You have heard of the troubles? We do not wish to resort to violence, sir."

There's an element of quiet desperation because business in the Old City has declined, partly because of a decline in tourism (especially Jewish tourism from the U.S.), but also because of a partial Arab strike. The bazaars close down after about three hours' morning business. If you show up in the Christian quarter after noon the streets—passageways narrow enough for a cat to jump across from one window to another—are likely to be deserted.

"I close at 12," said a young man named Michael, whose store displayed a range of tourist trinkets for sale. "I have to, otherwise they burn down the shop." "They" being shadowy, unnamed higher-ups in the Palestinian chain of command.

I traveled the five miles to Bethlehem in a tour bus, having been told at the hotel that this was one of the places in the West Bank where it is not safe to venture alone. Almost all the shops along Manger Street were closed down; the town seemed deserted. But every few minutes the tour buses kept on rolling into Manger Square. Before descending into the Grotto marking the birthplace of Jesus, you must first await the departure of the tour group that is already down there. Christian tourism seems not to have been greatly affected by the *intifada*.

On the way back to Jerusalem, our tour guide said we would be stopping at a shop on Manger Street—Saca Brothers' United Stores Co., Ltd. The guide made the point that influential Arab traders not only stay open despite the strike, but are able to scare off the competition by threatening them with arson. Ostensibly, Saca Brothers' was itself closed. But as our bus drove up to within a few inches of its whitewashed walls, its door quietly opened and we made our way into a well-lit, modern establishment. The Saca Brothers greeted us with an opened bottle of Port wine and a pot of Turkish coffee. The exchange rate was favorable, American Express was acceptable, and electric adding machines stood on counter tops, ready to compute our purchases. Our guide stood by the entrance, in quiet conversation with the proprietors. I wondered if he received a commission.

In Jerusalem another tour guide, Jackie Feldman, told me that "the larger stores obviously reach some agreement with the PLO." One had thought that the *intifada* was a grassroots rebellion, originating with children. No doubt it started out that way, but it seems to have been exploited economically by more powerful interests.

Feldman told me that he was one of three or four thousand licensed tour guides in Israel, about 40 per cent of whom work actively at any given time. He had grown up in New York City (with a BA from City College) and was working on a doctorate in comparative religion at Hebrew University. He estimated that for those who travel on ten-day or two-week Holy Land tours, no more than 5 per cent of the tour has been curtailed by the danger of encountering stone-throwing Arabs. Nablus, Hebron, and Shepherd's Field are more or less "out," he said. Most other spots can be visited without danger. I asked Feldman if there were Moslem tours. "Not that I know of," he said. They come, if at all, "more as pilgrims."

THE ARAB money changers inside the Damascus Gate offer a better rate of exchange than the King David Hotel. A small group of Jewish draftees in fatigues, little more than teenagers, sat on the steps outside the gate, idly watching the crowd. They carried M-16 rifles, one with a rubber-bullet attachment on the barrel. When I asked one of the youths how long his military service lasted he replied: "Three years. Three long, long years."

Above the tenements of the Arab Quarter could be seen a spindly forest of TV aerials and haze of rising smoke from open-hearth cooking. An Arab was riding a donkey up the Via Dolorosa, a series of mostly scruffy alleyways with commercial storefronts, dirt deeply engrained, PLO slogans smeared on walls and then covered over with black paint, graffiti obscuranti, Arabian squiggles. Underfoot were spread-eagled collard greens, ground orange peel, and a thousand trampled tissues. One sign read, "Cola, Flavor Gazeuse," another, "Omar Khayam Museum," another "Mike Stores, Family Jewelry Work Shop," another "VIIth Station, Jesus bearing his Cross went forth into a Place called Golgotha."

Always the voices call after you. From America, sir? From England? The slightest hesitation and you have a guide at your elbow, none too without reason: the materfamilias ended up ruling the roost.

Are not both sides right? Men could not sustain such a family system if women did not largely cooperate. Much of life consists of acquiescing in conditions which seem inevitable and, as we get older, even comfortable. Saudi women with American friends, however, have seen that their domestic subordination is not inevitable. They now find it intolerable and—hey presto—a new social division has opened up between them and traditionally minded women. But is not this another tension implicit in Faisal's development within tradition, one which will lead in time to an improvement in women's status?

My Saudi guide, Saeed Al-Ghamdi, when invited to comment, diplomatically avoided doing so. He had been married only a week and confessed himself blissfully happy. But he had presumably learned already that it is unwise to annoy women, however theoretically subordinate they may be.

Tuesday

A staple of Western criticism in the

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easy to shake off. I made my way past several Money Changer signs to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. Knowledgeable guides say that the Via Dolorosa is of doubtful authenticity, its starting point uncertain because no one knows exactly where in Jerusalem Pontius Pilate lived. But archaeologists say that the Church of the Holy Sepulchre probably really does mark the site of the Crucifixion. The church was in disarray, with construction materials and stepladders propped up against walls, half-hearted renovation plans evidently having been long ago abandoned. Greeks and Armenians were engaged in a competitive cacophony from different parts of the church. Sitting on a ledge, almost overlooking the site of the Crucifixion, was perched a calico cat, alertly watching the tourists come and go.

I was passing by the Chapel of the Copts when I heard a soft voice call out, distinctly in my direction: "American?" No one seemed to be there. Finally I caught sight of a black-robed Coptic priest standing perfectly still in the half darkness. He was standing guard next to the head of Christ's tomb. I smiled, paused, found myself psychologically trapped. He quickly pressed a holy card and a tiny crucifix into my hand. I fished a dollar bill out of my pocket. He examined it critically—almost holding it up to the light. "More," he said finally. "Two." Outside, the shopkeepers were hastily closing down their stores.

The Jewish Quarter of the Old City is quite different. Parts are being restored as accurately as possible to their condition in Roman times. Other sections are being modernized—brought up to boutique standards of tidiness. Dan Bahat, an archaeologist from Bar-Ilan University, told me that the Jewish quarter is "becoming more and more 'black' "—and here he pointed to the top of his head, indicating a yarmulke. He meant that the quarter is more and more being taken over by Orthodox Jews.

Along the western ("wailing") wall of the Herodian Temple there has been a tremendous amount of excavation and research, most of it not yet open to the public. In one underground cavern, a still-unveiled plaque on the western wall reads: "With every stone revealed we come to know better how the western wall links the last days of ancient kingdom with the beginnings of our future. This wall which survived as a remnant of the holy Temple will be the first wall of the rebuilding of the next Temple, the 'house of prayer for all peoples.' " This inscription was imputed to the "Ministry of Religious Affairs."

Since the Dome of the Rock, the third holiest site of Islam (after Mecca and Medina), sits on top of Temple Mount, the site of the old Temple, building a new one on the same location would, shall we say, be unhelpful to the "peace process" about which we read so much in the news media, and in which non-believers of all persuasions now repose so much faith. "Don't worry," said Dan Bahat, when he saw me staring with amazement at the plaque. The Ministry of Religious Affairs is *always* going on about the rebuilt Temple, but "it doesn't really mean anything," he said. I didn't mention it, but I didn't feel entirely reassured on this score, especially in view of his "more and more black" remark.

I left the Old City to the east, through St. Stephen's Gate, across the Vale of Kidron to the Garden of Gethsemane with its ancient olive trees (here the tour groups arrived in a continuous stream), and then made my way, puffing and panting up the Mount of Olives. This is definitely Arab territory. Half a dozen smiling children approached, their hands waving and weaving ever closer to my pockets, but I was saved by the honked horn of a nearby tour bus. The Ascension Chapel is a mosque, plainly posted PLEASE KEEP OUT. Gents in dressing gowns were standing about inside, one or two looking up at the ceiling. I was prepared to kick off my shoes and join them but they shooed me away.

THE SUN was setting over the golden city to the west, the city over which Jesus wept. "Palestine sits in sackcloth and ashes," Mark Twain wrote in 1867. "Renowned Jerusalem itself, the stateliest name in history, has lost all its ancient grandeur, and is become a pauper village." Today this is very far from being the case. On any showing Jerusalem now is one of the great cities of the world, one of the most beautiful, and a focal point of the world's attention.

"The onset of one religion can be resisted only by another," C. Northcote Parkinson wrote. Still, it seems strange that the three great monotheistic religions should meet here so dramatically, almost at a physical point. Strange also that, with two of these religions evidently gearing up for a bloody conflict, the third, Christianity, should today be so occluded, so passive, so lacking in self-confidence. But then Jesus did have a way of disappearing from time to time. No doubt He will be back.

—Tom Bethell

1970s was that Saudi Arabia, anxious to invest its oil wealth in the national infrastructure, was building a series of "white elephants" that would one day crumble under the hot sun. One such project is Jubail, a vast new industrial city and harbor built from scratch since 1977 on empty desert and reclaimed land. Saeed and I drove there along a coast road dotted with stalls, second-hand clothes shacks, auto repair shops and other reminders that the Persian Gulf has a long trading history and so a livelier bustling atmosphere than the desert puritanism of Riyadh. Here we really are in oil-rush territory.

Jubail is impressive with a harbor that takes the largest tankers, modern petrochemical plants, vast aqueducts carrying sea-water to cool the factories, and residential areas with schools, shops, restaurants, and, of course, mosques.

The city is based on the principle of letting nothing go to waste. The flares which once illuminated the Gulf with burned-off waste gas are now harnessed for the nationwide Master-Gas System. The sewage is treated and recycled for irrigation—Jubail thus managing to be a garden city in the desert. And other waste products of oil are raw material for a petrochemical industry which, only a few years old, now provides more than 10 per cent of Saudi exports.

This recycling of waste products, coupled with cheap energy, gives industry a strong economic base. The result is that the Saudi Basic Industries Corporation, SABIC, and its affiliated companies, many of them joint Saudi–U.S. ventures like the petrochemical company SADAF, show rapidly growing profits. And this is part of a larger industrial revolution in the Kingdom which has seen the number of modern factories grow from thirty in 1965 to over two thousand today. Jubail is no white elephant.

But is it a city? Not yet. It is still sparsely populated, still developing, still too much a blueprint, whereas real cities grow along unpredictable lines like the scattered commercial enterprises along the coast road. This was readily admitted, however, by Jubail's director-general, Ahmed Mubarak, with a modesty rare in city planners. "It's the people who decide where social life will flourish," he said. "We can provide restaurants, sports facilities, a promenade, but in the end they will decide where to meet for a coffee or to take the children." And Jubail would be a white elephant if the water supply were to fail. But, then, so would Los Angeles.

I was sorry to leave the quiet Gulf waters and flat desert plain of the Eastern Province, which, despite the commercial liveliness, has an atmosphere of great calm. But a further surprise awaited me on the flight to Jeddah. Half the passengers were Pakistani Muslims en route to Medina, some obviously poor, some waving Amex gold cards, but all clad in the single garment of white cloth prescribed for those making a pilgrimage. A far truer expression of equality than any scheme of progressive taxation.

Wednesday

"What is the Arabs' share of perestroika?" I was asked at the Okaz newspaper group in Jeddah, the bustling commercial and cultural capital of Saudi Arabia, having just lectured to an audience of Saudi businessmen, journalists, and academics. In reply, I waffled on about opportunities for Saudi investment in Eastern Europe and the prospects of world economic recovery leading to a higher oil price. But I had missed the questioner's point: with the end of superpower rivalry, Israel was no longer important to the U.S. strategically. Might American policy now change?

This hope, I replied, overstated the strategic element in the U.S.–Israel relationship. Far more important were shared values, notably democracy, and cultural similarity. This provoked some young Palestinians present to ask if suppressing the *intifada* by killing unarmed children was what I meant by democracy.

"What would you do if you were the Israeli government, faced with civil insurrection?" was my reply, which in turn met the retort that they wouldn't be in Israel's shoes in the first place. That was an evasion, of course—Arab governments repress disorder with great ruthlessness—but it expressed something real. Islam is monolithic in its certainties and its influence does not encourage detachment or empathy. Of course, this is not true of many Muslim intellectuals, including most of my fellow-debaters that evening, but it helps to explain why Muslim societies are vulnerable to waves of fundamentalism and why Mideast disputes are conducted with such uncompromising rhetoric.

Debate continued good-humoredly over another splendid dinner for some hours. As I left, a charming don assured me, of the fundamentalists, that "half of these fellows make up their quotations from the Koran."

From the Stratosphere

As Saudi society develops within tradition, so tradition is stretched. Ingenious definitions allow Islamic banks to charge interest under another name. Sometimes, however, tradition acts as a barrier. Women are educated for jobs outside the home, but then limited to occupations where they work with and serve mainly other women.

Would these conflicts be ameliorated if modern Islam were to generate, as it has done before, a tradition of critical liberal theology? That would certainly undermine its more restrictive social prescriptions. But various schools of literal interpretation now block the way. In its radical form, this fundamentalism is suppressed by the monarchy, which, however, also competes with it by stressing its attachment to strict Wahabi Islamic practice. Significantly, King Fahd prefers to be known as the Custodian of the Holy Places. There *are* liberal critics of fundamentalism, like my friend at the Okaz meeting in Jedda. But how typical was he? More important, perhaps, will be the practical enticements of progress like the girls' school in the neighboring village which persuaded the parents they needed one of their own.

Let me offer the development theory of the patched overcoat. Development within tradition is like a boy in an overcoat. If he is kept buttoned up inside the overcoat, his development will be considerably stunted until eventually the overcoat bursts. If the overcoat is removed so that he grows without constraint, he will be cold and unhappy much of the time—not the ideal conditions for healthy growth or an uncomplicated maturity. And if the overcoat is constantly patched and altered to accommodate his increasing size, the boy will grow up but the overcoat will have lost its original shape by the time he reaches manhood, and even then it will pinch him under the arms from time to time. ☐

THE IVORY FOXHOLE

Lethal Sensitivity

JEFFREY HART

YOU ARE going to find what follows hard to believe. Rest assured that it's all too true. It represents a widespread phenomenon—that is, the abuse of university disciplinary procedures, which are being used to enforce an ethos of "sensitivity," as in, "You'd better be sensitive, kid, or we'll kill you."

Disciplinary committees today are ranging far beyond ordinary academic offenses and are in the business of intimidation and attempted mind-control. You will recall, for example, the famous Wayne Dick case at Yale. Mr. Dick, a freshman, had the insensitivity to satirize Yale's annual celebration of homosexuality and lesbianism. He came under immediate fire from Yale officials; but with lawsuits impending, Yale backed off.

Here we go again: Young Andrew Baker, in the winter just past, was enjoying life as a freshman at Dartmouth. He was an honors graduate of Deerfield Academy in Massachusetts. A cheerful and apt 17-year-old, he found himself enrolled in a philosophy seminar taught by one Sally Sedgwick.

Mr. Baker is a conservative, Professor Sedgwick decidedly not. Mr. Baker associated himself with the conservative *Dartmouth Review*. His relationship in class with Professor Sedgwick apparently was rather sour.

During the course, the students were to write four essays. On the first three, Mr. Baker had grades in the B range. On the fourth and final essay, Professor Sedgwick turned him in to the authorities on charges of suspected plagiarism.

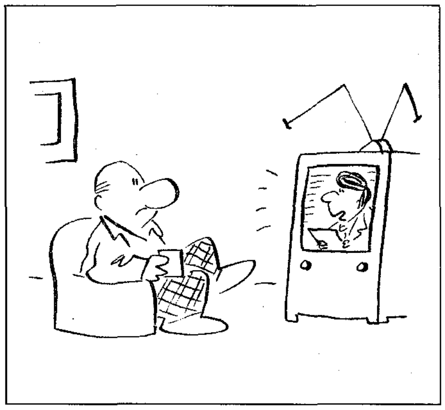
Astonishingly, Professor Sedgwick could specify no source whatsoever for the alleged plagiarism. She just had a hunch.

She complained that Mr. Baker's fourth essay was so much better than the first three that he must have had help. In fact, it was only a bit better. Hilariously, as evidence of his suddenly superior writing, she cited sentences beside which, had I been grading his paper, I would have written "cliché" and "junk thought." Professor Sedgwick charged plagiarism. From Proust or Faulkner?

Robespierre unfortunately being out of town at the time, the matter was brought before the Committee on Standards. The committee comes trailing clouds of glory, having already embroiled Dartmouth in a monstrous lawsuit in the now-famous case *in re* Professor William Cole. The bill on that lawsuit so far is plaintiffs (students) $250,000, defendant (Dartmouth) $250,000. Further legal action is in the offing, and the meter is running.

The committee could not convict Mr. Baker of plagiarism, since there was no plagiarism except in Professor Sedgwick's fevered mind. But the committee did not rebuke Professor Sedgwick for her frivolously vicious charge. Instead, the committee ended by convicting Mr. Baker of "failure to cite."

Whaaatsat? His essay, on the famous *Bakke* reverse-discrimination case, had failed to *footnote* some matters of common knowledge that could have been easily inhaled from *Newsweek* or Dan Rather. Mr. Baker also "failed to cite" a conversation with his father.



"In an unexpected move today, the entire Chinese Communist Party hierarchy resigned and fled to Dartmouth . . ."

There is a minor comic touch here. In his essay, in order to massage what he perceived as Professor Sedgwick's slant, Mr. Baker took the leftist position on the *Bakke* case and favored reverse discrimination.

The committee threw Mr. Baker out of college for two terms.

Lawsuit time, big stuff in the works, the antennae of the major media beginning to twitch.

From any professional point of view, Professor Sedgwick is certainly guilty of malpractice. You do not charge a student with plagiarism on a vague hunch. At the very least you call him in and test his knowledge on the subject he has written about. In less than ten minutes a competent professor can assess a student's knowledge.

It is astounding but not surprising that the committee, unable to demonstrate plagiarism, fished around for something else. The "failure to cite" counts were utterly bogus. Footnoting is a complicated matter, worth some reflection. Specific sources are normally footnoted. If a professor thinks more general matters should be footnoted, the normal thing is to call the student in and explain why.

This is called "teaching." Such behavior implies an honorable relationship between professor and student. But apparently Professor Sedgwick and the committee are not in the teaching business.

IT IS pleasing to report that the whole thing would not fly. Mr. Baker's principal instructor at Deerfield wrote a public letter to the effect that he would never again write a letter of recommendation to Dartmouth. With the lawsuits and publicity rushing down the tracks, Dartmouth blinked. Mr. Baker has been reinstated. The thousands of dollars he lost because of his ruined winter term are being reimbursed. But wait.

Professor Sedgwick has awarded him a grade of D for his work in her course, in which all of his essays were in the B range. The bogus "failure to cite" charge remains on his record—a drop of institutional venom, a final splinter of spite.

It simply is not within the realm of decency to treat a student as Mr. Baker was treated. These committees are on a collision course with reality, and you can expect another such case soon, somewhere. ☐

Houseless in Gaza

RICHARD RYAN

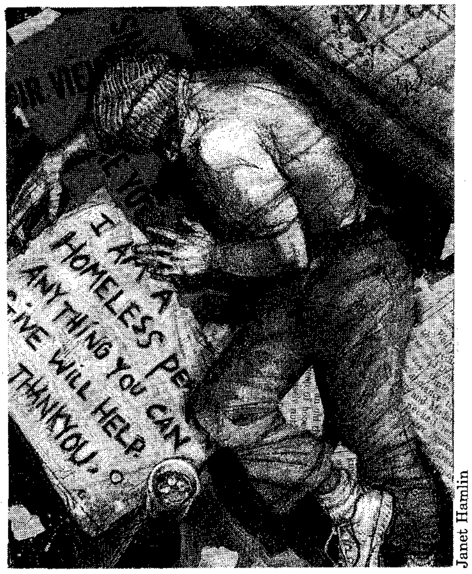
THEY HAVE become our context, our ragged public architecture—the homeless and their aura of need and accusation have become the defining feature of our social space. They have simultaneously become one of the inexhaustible themes of leftist rhetoric. Now William Tucker, in his remarkable new book *The Excluded Americans*, smashes the rhetorical looking-glass and sees the problem face to face.

Mr. Tucker, journalist by profession, surveyor of lost truths by predilection, here provides a map by which we can travel the landscape of violated rights and bureaucratic adventures created by contemporary housing policy. The paradoxical resolution of his quest comes in his discovery of two distinct classes of "excluded Americans"—the people in the street, and the capitalists trying to build houses which might one day shelter the people in the street.

This enormously ambitious study begins simply enough, with an impressionistic account of an evening Tucker passed in the crevices of Grand Central Station, mingling with cadres of street people. While the opening tableau merely hints at Tucker's true scope, it nevertheless should convince the adventurous to persist through the first half of the book, a dry but indispensable interlude of number-crunching and historical review. Indeed, Tucker fortifies his own subjective commitments with precision by making his most impassioned arguments on rigorously quantitative grounds.

The Excluded Americans: Homelessness and Housing Policies, by William Tucker (Regnery, 389 pp., $24.95)

Tucker's principal scientific justification comes in the form of regression analysis, a statistical method for connecting seemingly random social conditions. He cross-correlates a number of plausible causes of homelessness in major American cities, and finds that two factors consistently predict the presence of large transient populations in a given urban area. The first cause, not surprisingly, is race. The second (quite surprisingly, if you are a doctrinaire social activist) is a high-priced housing market generated by government regulation.



Janet Hamlin

Regression analysis can only show how social trends statistically coincide—it can't explain causal connections. Rather than rehashing one more time the tangled issue of American race relations, Tucker focuses on the more startling linkage between homelessness and housing markets: What connects housing costs for the middle class, he wonders, to the availability of basic shelter for the poorest level of society? And how can that connection account for 42 per cent of the homeless population, the figure generated by his regression analysis?

Tucker explains the connection by returning the entire debate on housing and homelessness to the broadest historical and ideological grounds. He argues that metropolitan home prices are only one important component of a cultural system in which *ad hoc* social policies—like rent-control and zoning—undermine fundamental private-property rights and lower the supply of available housing. The onset of the homeless crisis, in fact, parallels the rise of government intervention in housing markets. In the first half of this century, despite great disparities in income, homelessness was negligible and high-quality housing was readily available, thanks largely to the productive dynamics of the market. Historically, housing changed hands rapidly, circulating from the upper to the lower classes at a rate and with an efficiency that would exalt the most ardent distributionist. Retrospectively Tucker writes in admiration of "the vast decentralization of property ownership brought about by democracy and capitalism."

Next Tucker illustrates that landlords, far from being absentee exploiters, have tended to belong to the social groups they housed. Carpenters and janitors, immigrants and first-time homeowners—this was the self-established class of entrepreneurs that traditionally managed and channeled the results of America's tireless housing industry. As long as the industry continued to churn out new housing, landlords and realtors found ways to maintain supplies at fair market values. In New York, for instance, between 1900 and 1930 "developers put up a stunning 120,000 housing units per year."

As Tucker begins to document the concrete effects of regulation, *The Excluded Americans* takes flight. Writing with probing indignation, Tucker shows how bureaucracy and prejudice are natural co-conspirators—how local government, acting in the interest of neighborhood preservation and community control, have consistently barred working- and lower-class citizens from entering areas where they legitimately aspired to live. Zoning and tenant boards (typically dominated by white, middle-class liberals) have done little except limit the supply of housing and increase property values for people already settled in communities. Newcomers and outsiders are allowed to fight for any over-

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Mr. Ryan is on the staff of the Texas Chamber of Commerce in Austin, and writes regularly about politics and culture.

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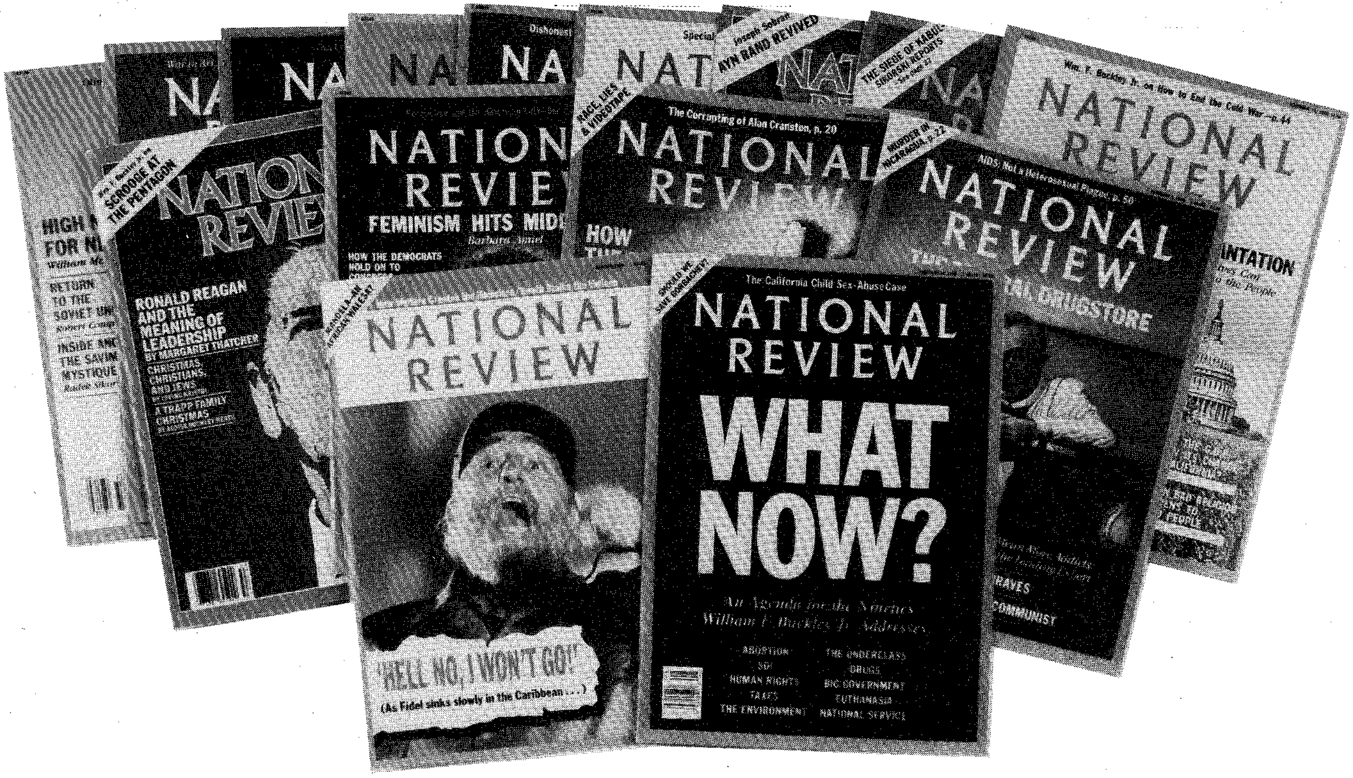
NATIONAL REVIEW
WHAT NOW?
"HELL NO, I WON'T GO!"
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FEMINISM HITS MIDDLE
RONALD REAGAN AND THE MEANING OF LEADERSHIP BY MARGARET THATCHER
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priced scraps that occasionally become available on a regulated market.

The inequities of regulation are most pronounced in rental markets, where at least some of the Americans who are now homeless should have a chance of finding residences. The only beneficiaries of "the war between tenants and landlords" are a particularly ruthless tribe Tucker calls "the paperworking class." By manipulating rental statutes members of the paperworking class—however much they claim to sympathize with social housing priorities—quickly cash in on their own bureaucratic skills through a black market of subleases and lease profiteering.

Tucker's lines of inquiry ultimately converge in a long section devoted exclusively to the epic travesty of New York City. In the face of this civic disaster, Tucker drops any pretense of analysis, and wisely lets the stories speak for themselves. There is little purpose in waving numbers at a city where a housing judge throws an 86-year-old black landlord in jail for failing to provide heat for squatters, while a French marquis holds the lease on a five-room duplex on the East Side for $103.50 a month. It perhaps is enough to know that the various outrages here detailed are tolerated (even encouraged) by a municipal government which, as the city's largest landholder, has pursued a policy of forced socialization and dispossession.

Despite the anger in these pages, Tucker is in no rush to replace prevailing ideologies with his own, and his book is clear about the violence done when we try to formalize legally such ambiguous notions as "home." Americans are never quite sure about that word: we celebrate social mobility and self-determination, while at the same time yearning for the enveloping solidarity that "home" and all its associated concepts imply. In our best moments we guard these distinctive connotations, and tellingly refer to dislocated people as "homeless" rather than "houseless."

Tucker periodically alludes to these deeper issues, and in his low-key conclusion retraces some of the constitutional arguments for protecting property owners from tyrannical majorities. He is not opposed to government aid in this area, as long as it takes the form of housing vouchers, the Reagan Administration's preferred housing entitlement. Vouchers allow low-income citizens to participate actively in housing markets, if they are lucky enough to live in cities where such markets still exist.

For all his pragmatic suggestions, however, Tucker suspects that at the base of homelessness lies frightening and obscure social decay that escapes formulation. "I wonder if anyone really knows what is causing homelessness," he sighs (a bit too self-effacingly) on the book's last page. But even problems with obvious causes (such as, in this case, over-regulation, racism, and an inadequate mental-health system) rarely admit any obvious cures. It's impossible, for instance, to read his pages on the New York housing crisis and imagine any plausible solution to that nightmare of coordinated injustice. Because Tucker dismisses the possibility of any easy fiscal resolution to the tragedy, he is left to write in the conviction that simply witnessing the truth has some intrinsic value.

Professional defenders of the homeless often invoke religious beliefs in the service of their cause, and in fact the virtue of hospitality has always had a distinctly spiritual dimension: Ulysses wandering in disguise was befriended by a goatherd who told him simply, "Aliens and strangers come from God." But so do hosts, the hero might have replied. In our nation generations of landlords, builders, and architects were ready to play host to aliens and strangers of every sort. Only in the last few decades has federal and local government stepped in to make these sacred duties practically impossible. This is the saddest and starkest discovery of William Tucker's accusatory meditation. □

Pastimes

JEFFREY HART

IT IS PAINFUL indeed that A. Bartlett Giamatti did not live to see his marvelous book published. The Renaissance scholar, Yale president, and baseball commissioner died suddenly last September. With *Take Time for Paradise* he adds a small gem to the diadem of serious thinking about games.

Take Time for Paradise: Americans and Their Games, by A. Bartlett Giamatti (Summit Books, 113 pp., $16.95)

Men at Work: The Craft of Baseball, by George F. Will (Macmillan, 353 pp., $19.95)

This is a growing and not necessarily minor genre. It can be argued that Roger Kahn's *The Boys of Summer*, about the old Brooklyn Dodgers, is one of the finest books of our time. More recently we have had Michael Novak's *The Joy of Sports*, a philosophical meditation on baseball, football, and basketball, the title of which wittily indicates an alternative to *The Joy of Sex*. Yale's great Dante scholar Thomas Bergin put Dante aside for a moment and climaxed his career with *The Game: The Harvard–Yale Football Rivalry*. David Halberstam has written about matters like the Vietnam War, but his best book by far is *Summer of '49*, about the New York Yankees. The intellect and passion delivered to us in these books is worth a bit of reflection. "Paradise" is prominent in Mr. Giamatti's current title, and also in his previous academic publications—for example, *The Earthly Paradise and the Renaissance Epic*, and his recent book about the contemporary university, *A Free and Ordered Space*. He had a tropism toward Eden and Heaven.

They are the subject of *Take Time for Paradise*. As Mr. Giamatti sees it, work is in the realm of necessity and sport is in the realm of freedom. We work to put a roof over our heads and food in our mouths. Work is conducted under the ultimate threat of death. We engage in sport for its own sake. We play as the gods play, for pure enjoyment. His word here is *autotelic*. He sees a game as a work of art, its rules setting it apart from ordinary chaos, and he has a fine sense of the aesthetics of the baseball diamond and the football gridiron. He knows that the fans coming to a football game are seeking much more than a victory, but a ritualistic communion. And there on

THE

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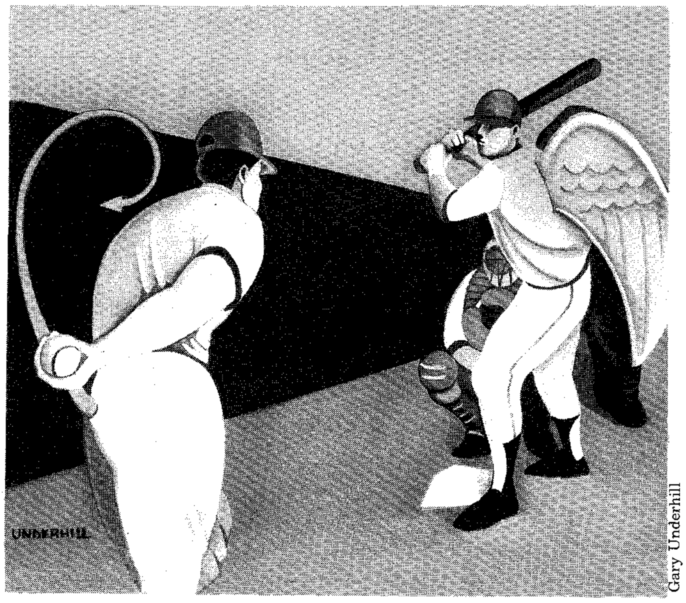
the rear dust-jacket is a fine photograph of Bart Giamatti relaxing in seat number 3 in some row Q. When a reporter asked him a year or so ago how it was to be baseball commissioner after being president of Yale, Mr. Giamatti said memorably that as commissioner he was dealing with a better class of people.



Gary Underhill

Mr. Giamatti's distinction between necessity and freedom is correct as far as it goes. It was anticipated, indeed, in Henri Bergson's essay on comedy. Bergson decided that tragedy is in the realm of necessity, comedy in the realm of freedom. But sports can be in the realm of freedom only at moments, when the athlete may indeed glimpse paradise in the perfect golf shot, the perfect backhand, or the run for daylight on the gridiron. I think, however, that Giamatti's view was limited by the fact that he was a spectator and not a competitor.

To compete is not often paradisal. You are playing in the New York State Tennis Championships, not some Riviera tournament. The temperature is 96 degrees. Your socks are soaked with sweat, caked with red clay. You fight viciously for every point. Of course you like to play tennis, but what you want right now is that trophy, the rise in your ranking, the write-up in the press, and always to fulfill a limitless ambition.

In the real boxing ring the other fellow has deliberately laced his gloves loosely so that he can pull his glove across your face in the clinch and cut you. The football player facing you knows how to turn his back to the officials so that they will not see him pushing his thumb into your eye. And Ty Cobb sharpened the spikes on his baseball shoes so that he could slice up the second baseman when sliding in. The great fastball pitchers have been "deliberately wild," the batter always aware of the risk. Pitchers put a bit of Vaseline inside a belt or behind the ear, which in a tight situation adds another factor to the pitch. To a competitor, sports can feel more like war than like paradise.

But all of that is only a qualification here, and Mr. Giamatti has written a profound and eloquent book. It is quite possible that Americans today care more about sports than about anything else, and it is entirely possible that they are right.

Bart Giamatti grew up in South Hadley, Massachusetts, where his father was a professor of Italian. He worshipped the Boston Red Sox. George Will grew up in downstate Illinois, where his father was a professor of philosophy. Will learned about tragedy from the Chicago Cubs.

> Only a team named after baby bears would have a shortstop named Smalley. Roy Smalley was a right-handed hitter, if that is the word for a man who in his best year (1953) hit .249. From Smalley I learned the truth about the word "overdue." A portrait of this author as a child would show him with an ear pressed against a radio, listening to an announcer saying: "The Cubs have the bases loaded. If Smalley gets on, the tying run will be on deck. And Smalley is overdue for a hit." That was the most consoling word in the language: "overdue." It meant: In the long run, everything is going to be all right. No one is really a .222 hitter.

This is an amazing book, its title important. Men are *at work*, not playing the idyllic game Giamatti imagines. Did you know that there are eight ways of playing the situation when you have runners on first and third? That managers keep file cards on every batter? Did you wonder why Orel Hershiser so often asks for a new ball from the umpire? "The ball that I throw for a curve, I look for a high seam on the ball to pull on. If the ball doesn't have a high seam, if it has just two equal seams, or seams that are a little bit on the large size, it's okay for my sinker because I really don't need a high seam on my sinker." Will explains: "The 108 stitches sewn on every baseball by Haitian hands are not quite as uniform as they would be if machines did the work." Since baseball is a game of inches and percentages, everything counts, as top pros like Hershiser know.

That essentially is the theme of this book. Its four chapters cover the principal aspects of baseball: The Manager (Tony LaRussa of Oakland), The Pitcher (Orel Hershiser of Los Angeles), The Batter (Tony Gwynn of San Diego), and The Defense (multiple examples); and all of this is embodied in a quantity of detailed knowledge that is absolutely astounding. One wonders when George Will has the time to pay attention to politics.

Because of his closeness to the actual playing of the game, Will knows things Giamatti doesn't.

> The fear is instinctive and reasonable. A baseball is hard and is thrown hard. If it hits you it always hurts, it sometimes injures, and it can kill. Tony Kubek says that although almost all players deny it, the "fear factor" is large in baseball. . . . "I remember, years and years ago, when I was first breaking in, Mantle telling me that at least once a year and maybe more 'I wake up screaming in the middle of the night, sweating a cold sweat, with the ball coming right at my head.'"

It was news to this reader that baseball was not invented by Abner Doubleday in 1839. Will has discovered that a game of "base" was played by soldiers at Valley Forge in 1778, and that Princeton students played "baste" ball in 1786. Perhaps these almost mythic roots of the American game are why intellectuals like Giamatti and Will have been so possessed by it.

Artistically, my favorite sentences in this book concern Cal Ripken Sr., then a coach for the Baltimore Orioles. "Cal Ripken Sr. smokes Lucky Strikes and drinks Schlitz beer. The Luckies are not filtered and the Schlitz is not light. He is a former minor-league catcher who looks like something whittled from an old fungo bat." In *Men at Work*, both nouns, "men" and "work," are important. ☐

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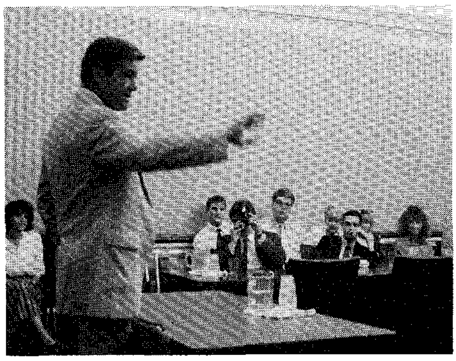

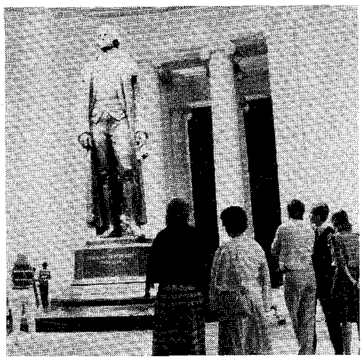

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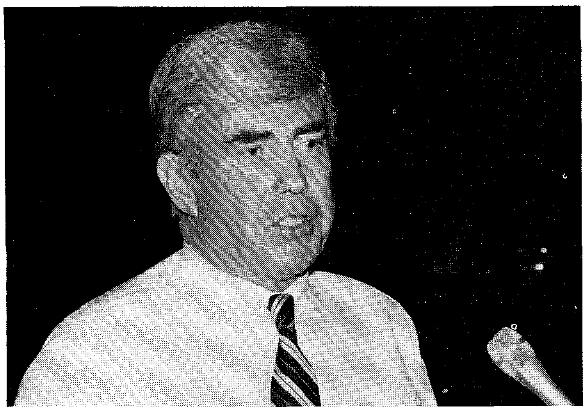

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Claiming Our Inheritance

JOSEPH SOBRAN

MICHAEL Oakeshott speaks of "the invitation of liberal learning" as "the invitation to disentangle oneself, for a time, from the urgencies of the here and now and to listen to the conversation in which human beings forever seek to understand themselves."

The Voice of Liberal Learning is a gathering of six essays the great English philosopher wrote between 1949 and 1975. One, "Political Education," has already appeared in *Rationalism in Politics*. Another, "The Universities," is a long book review that doesn't add enough to the other essays to warrant its inclusion here. Among the others, composed as they were for different occasions, there is some repetition. So much for the book's defects.

The Voice of Liberal Learning: Michael Oakeshott on Education, edited by Timothy Fuller (Yale University Press, 176 pp., $20)

Its virtue is that unnamable virtue of all Oakeshott's writing, which for approximation's sake I'll call a quiet absorption in overlooked possibilities. While others debate the proper purposes of education, Oakeshott insists that education (as distinct from vocational training) is ruined by the imposition of *any* extraneous (the usual tipoff is the word "social") purpose. His warning keeps the grumbling to a minimum. Much more often he loses himself in describing the joys of true education:

> Here, the learner is animated, not by the inclinations he brings with him, but by intimations of excellence and aspirations he has never yet dreamed of; here he may encounter, not answers to the "loaded" questions of "life," but questions which have never before occurred to him; here he may acquire new "interests" and pursue them uncorrupted by the need for immediate results; here he may learn to seek satisfactions he had never yet imagined or wished for.

Oakeshott understands education as the initiation of the young into their "civilized inheritance." He understands that inheritance as a "conversation" among such forms of experience as history, poetry, science, etc., no one voice dominating or refuting the others. The young are to be taught competence in this conversation. Education is neither a fixed body of knowledge nor an abstract skill in "thinking," but participation in a specific patrimony, a still-living tradition. "We may recognize learning, not merely as the acquisition of knowledge, but also as the extension of the ability to learn . . . as an inheritance coming to be possessed in such a manner that it loses its second-hand or antique character."

Tim Bower

But "the way we live now" is ignorantly inimical to this kind of activity. The world is full of "seductive trivialities which invoke neither reflection nor choice but instant participation." The language of this world is "the language of appetite," slogans commercial and political, and "such discourse as there is resembles the barking of a dog at the echo of its own yelp."

The practical world naturally has difficulty imagining education as anything but training for practical purposes. If not vocational, these tend to be political, and the refinements of liberal learning are sacrificed to "relevance" and "socialization," which are the very things education should emancipate the young from: "The business of the teacher (indeed, this may be said to be his peculiar quality as an agent of civilization) is to release his pupils from servitude to the current dominant feelings, emotions, images, ideas, beliefs, and even skills, not by inventing alternatives to them which seem to him more desirable, but by making available to him [*sic*] something which approximates more closely the whole of his [*sic*] inheritance."

Such a thinker resists summary. "To know the gist," he has said, "is to know nothing." And here he writes: "Not to detect a man's style is to have missed three-quarters of the meanings of his actions and utterances; and not to have acquired a style is to have shut oneself off from the ability to convey any but the crudest meanings." He has no use for the sort of liberal education that consists in acquainting students with a checklist of Great Books or Great Ideas, handily abridged. Oakeshott's own use of such Great Thinkers as Hobbes and Hegel is startlingly unorthodox, and has nothing to do with wars of every man against every man or theses, antitheses, and syntheses.

One way to approach him is through a "favorite theory" of his, "that what people call 'ideals' and 'purposes' are never themselves the source of human activity; they are shorthand expressions for the real spring of conduct, which is a disposition to do certain things and a knowledge of how to do them. Human beings do not start from rest and spring into activity only when attracted by a purpose to be achieved. To be alive is to be perpetually active." For example, "a cook is not a man who first has the vision of a pie and then tries to make it; he is a man skilled in cookery, and both his projects and his achievements spring from his skill." This is the sort of simple insight that can entail a lot of difficult mental adjustment. There are no *a priori* pies, and what the cook knows can never be exhaustively told.

In the same way, the essence of liberal learning can't be itemized. "If it is learned, it can never be forgotten, and it does not need to be recollected in order to be enjoyed. It is, indeed, often enough, the residue which remains when all else is forgotten; the shadow of lost knowledge."

Oakeshott isn't one for facile attitudes, so it won't do to peg him as either optimist or pessimist. Clearly he thinks there is some danger that the institutions of liberal learning will be pulled into the whirlpool of current distractions. That is already happening. At the same time, he obviously believes that the disposition to seek the "civilized inheritance" is too durable and deep-seated to be easily extinguished. The abolition of liberal learning, he says twice, would mean "the abolition of man." He seeks to prevent any such thing not by shouting apocalyptic warnings but simply by reminding us that learning for its own sake has its distinctive dignity. □

Popular Opinion

GEORGE W. RUTLER

The Catholic Myth: The Behavior and Beliefs of American Catholics, by Andrew M. Greeley (Scribner's, 320 pp., $21.95)

AT THE END of the century that has produced Andrew Greeley, one should expect a certain amount of millenarian hysteria. But the University of Arizona professor chooses rather to speak of his anger, directed at those who do not appreciate his "wonderful and slightly daffy story" of remaining Catholic while treating several of the Ten Commandments as interpolations. This "groundbreaking survey," which is "filled with new insights, remarkable data, and astounding conclusions," says the publisher, "gives new meaning to the word *Catholic*." If this "imaginative Catholicism" means devouring the Catholic ethos while rejecting its contents, the new meaning is bulimia. Greeley positively likes the Church, and for that reason will not leave it; but he does leave behind some of the Church's teachings on issues, including feminism, which the publisher's blurb infelicitously calls "sacred cows."

Confidence is not increased by finding four elementary theological mistakes on the first page. But as Greeley is not a theologian, he should be analyzed as the sociologist he is. Despite his protestations, he does not clearly make the distinction himself. God is consistently called "S/He" (the appendix slips once and reverts to the Judaeo-Christian style). Apparent innocence of the whole post-Barthian critique on dialectic and analogy invalidates Greeley's pop thesis on poetic imagination; but given his contempt for illiteracy in the Church, he will not think it pedantic to point out that his only citation of Latin verse is misspelled. A call for some sort of "priest corps" with a limited term of service turns priestly ontology on its head. There are interesting thoughts on the decline of religious orders, but there should be more than mere puzzlement or silence when the deepest reasons for the failure of some and the success of others do not conform to a hypothesis. A crisis in priestly identity is accurately cited as a cause of the drop in vocations to the priesthood; but that decline now exists almost solely in those places that have adopted Greeley's recipe for happiness, one that in 1990 looks about as convincing as the utopia of Albania.

The author's long-standing disapproval of Paul VI's encyclical *Humanae Vitae* has not changed. As each day further vindicates the Pope's historic warning about the consequences of rejecting natural law, Greeley neglects any significant analysis of abortion as the most calamitous social issue of our time. Not long ago Greeley defended the film *The Last Temptation of Christ* with a Christology that would have made a Nestorian blush; here he rallies to the defense of the rock star Madonna's spirituality with even less information. But in case anyone asked, he says in almost presidential style, "I am not a modernist."

Of benefit are interesting figures on changing social patterns, and on the general ignorance of Catholic realities on the part of media and academic establishments. There is less precision when statistics form judgments of matters within the Church. How can the author possibly know that the Pope's apostolic journeys have caused a loss of a billion dollars in contributions? Various such assertions, bordering on fantasy, are accompanied by no supporting data, although we are assured that they are available. Rather than bore the reader with them, he "will go beyond the data to explain, re-

Father Rutler is a priest of the Archdiocese of New York, and the author of Beyond Modernity *(Ignatius Press).*

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THE LESSONS, THE CHALLENGES

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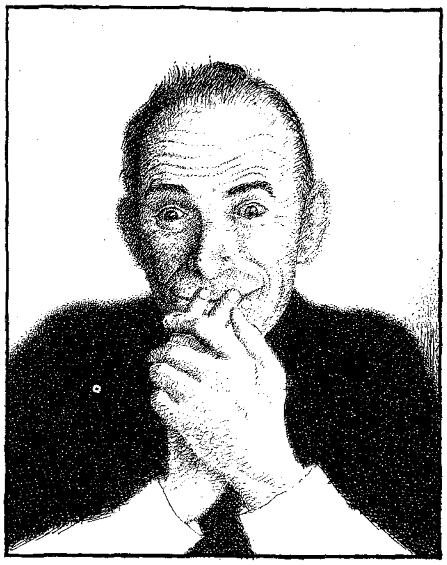
Robert Caputo

flect, speculate, recommend, and occasionally rage."

And rage he does. In a tinny *j'accuse*, most bishops are "incompetent and stupid" and "fools" and worse: "I use the term 'damn fools' advisedly and in lieu of more scatological language." But there is hope: ". . . I recommend that [bishops] enroll in courses in their local community colleges if they wish to catch up with educated Americans on the subjects of surveys and data analysis." In the case of two men more broadly educated than himself (the Archbishop of Philadelphia and the Bishop of Bridgeport, a fellow Chicagoan), Greeley implies that their recent appointments are "a blow to priestly morale." We have hard sociological evidence that the Entry of Christ into Jerusalem demoralized the local clergy; but Greeley is absolutely mistaken about Philadelphia and Bridgeport.

There is something almost charming about the author's honest bewilderment by the Church's failure to recognize his talent the way a man as untutored as Phil Donahue does. Greeley's burden, the heaviest of clerical complaints, is resentment at unrequited merit: "Not once has the archdiocese ever availed itself of my skills . . ." There are many failed bishops in the Church, but that line resonates with the sonority of a failed archbishop.

As Greeley's *persona* seems fixed, the only new victim of *The Catholic Myth* may be the reputation of Scribner's for publishing an exercise so monumentally feline. At least the book is not a novel; anxious recourse to that form in recent years has left the author's Muse in a coma. In the tradition of Paul Bourget, whose 1914 romance *Le Démon de midi* was called a salad of theosophy and adultery, Greeley is well known for using fiction to illustrate his admiration for bodily functions and his liberation from Jansenistic guilt. Even this soberer and more inductive book has its moments: the dauntless author quotes from his newest novel an eight-page-long dithyramb on marital hygiene, and also explains how the Celtic cross is an Indo-European symbol for copulation.

As Andrew Greeley has been lopping off bits of Christianity to make it fit the twentieth century, the years have ticked away without his permission. As this century comes to a close John Paul II, Mother Teresa, Lech Walesa, and millions of others are passing by Greeley and his impression of reality as they take the Church into the twenty-first century. There are saints in the land unperturbed by insouciant misanthropy. Greeley has two choices: to become part of the drama which is unfolding in ways his "freight-train load of empirical data" does not predict, or to remain an *enfant terrible* on the shoulders of giants. It is just not edifying to have tantrums at such a height. □

IN MEMORIAM

Ave Ava

REID BUCKLEY

I WAS DEEPLY saddened by the death of Ava Gardner. At one time, I guess I was about as close to her as anyone outside her immediate family. I first met her (I believe it was in connection with the filming of *55 Days at Peking*) while lunching at La Puerta de Hierro Country Club near Madrid. She was at the next table. With an absentminded flick of my Bic I lit her lipstick while simultaneously quenching the butt end of my cigarette in the wine glass of her companion. She stared at me out of those incandescent green eyes in disbelief. But my wife Betsy and I got to know her on another occasion. We discovered she had been brought up in North Carolina, whereupon our South Carolina connection led to a spirited conversation. We invited her to supper at Espalter a few days later, alone. She came, we spent a cordial three hours, remarkable mostly for Ava's homeliness and total absence of affectation. The next day, she sent us a dozen red roses with a note, which I treasure in my memory: *Thanks for one of the nicest evenings in my life. Ava.*

We weren't exposed to Madam Mr. Hyde until some weeks later. Manolo Prado was in town—namesake son of the president of Peru. Ava invited us for a supper party, and I brought along Manolo. She seemed fine when we met her at the restaurant with a crowd of other people, but she had brought along her bull-faggot bodyguards of that time, a blond Viking and a black stud. That should have been a warning, I guess, and she did flash a dangerous gleam in her eye, but I did not then know how to interpret her moods.

I was unaware how painfully shy Ava was. She drank—among other reasons anyhow—to fortify her spirits socially, and we guessed she had had a few drinks before getting to the restaurant. The company was *haut Madrid* of the glitzier genre: Pimpinela Hohenlohe and her dear husband, Pucho Gamazo, his brother Tonales, theater folk—12 in all, if recollection serves. Ava asked a waiter to take our drink orders. When he was through, she said to him, "And I'll have one of each."

Those 11 mixed drinks were lined up in front of her dinner plate. She slugged two or three of them down forthwith. It was puerile. It was pathetic. It made us all uncomfortable.

After supper (she was three sheets to the wind by this time), Ava invited us out to the Villa Rosa, speaking in a thick tone of voice I hadn't until that evening heard (she used profanities and obscenities percussively when she was drinking, only less insistently when she was sober). Betsy asked Ava to share our taxi. She accepted, but there was a menacing air about her. She was spoiling for a fight. She

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Mr. Buckley runs the Buckley School of Public Speaking in Camden, South Carolina.

grabbed the handle of the front door and yanked it open to get in. Manolo Prado said to her with perfect Latin courtesy, "No, Miss Gardner, I will get in front with the driver, you ride with the Buckleys." She whipped around at him viciously, shouting, "You just don't tell me what the f--- I should do," or some such thing. She was blazing mad. Manolo blanched. I was so angry I could not speak. He climbed into the back seat with us, appalled and mortified. Dead silence reigned the 15 minutes of the drive.

The Villa Rosa was a popular Flamenco roadhouse outside Madrid's city limits, thus evading Franco's order that nightclubs close at 2:30 A.M.—high evening, by Madrid's standards. There one could hire guitarists, singers, and dancers who had terminated their gigs in town, repairing with them into rooms furnished with tables and chairs, and little else. I remember that we were lucky enough to book La Paquerra, who was a superb singer, and her personal guitarist. The five or six guests who had accepted Ava's invitation gathered in one of the larger rooms. She ordered wine in a loud, abrasive voice. Waiters brought in *jamón serrano*, *chorizo*, *salchichón*, and chunks of goat's cheese. The guitarist began strumming, La Paquerra cleared her husky throat, humming along. Two dancers began rapping their palms in sharp hard rhythms. Ava was meanwhile acting up, to the embarrassment of everyone. Nothing suited her. The wine was vinegar. The smoked ham was tough and stringy. And she wanted cognac, goddammit. I was amazed. I could not relate this virago to the simple and lovely person with whom we had spent an intimate evening just a short time before. What made the scene so inexcusable was that (in my opinion) she was deliberately trading both on her international celebrity and on Spanish courtesy. Waiters took her abuse with bowed heads, but I had had enough, and told Betsy I was going. She elected to stay (nothing would have pried Betsy from an all-night party), but I got up and walked out.

Ava came stumbling after me, catching up to me in a little patio outside the building. She demanded to know what was the matter with me—why the "f---" I was leaving, didn't I like the party, didn't I approve of the performers she'd hired?

I let her have it, telling her how disgusted I was with her. Instantly, she snapped out of her drunken high dudgeon. Before I knew what was happening, she was weeping in my arms, sobbing as though her heart would break and as though she would tear her lungs out whole. "I'm so sorry . . . I'm so ashamed . . . I hate myself . . . Why do I do this? Oh, that poor man! How horrible. Please forgive me. Ask him to forgive me . . ."

I was by that time feeling foolish, and sorry for her. I comforted her for ten or 15 minutes until the tears and sobs abated. I kissed her on the forehead and told her she'd better get back to her party. Then I left.

The next day, Manolo told me that Ava had gone in and apologized to him profusely. She sent flowers to his hotel with a written apology. It's fair to think that it was cheap of her to excuse her behavior by weeping in the arms of a flabbergasted young man; but her tears were genuine, and my heart was touched.

We saw Ava off and on during the next several months. She was always on her best behavior. She seemed genuinely affectionate. One early afternoon she telephoned, asking me to come to her apartment (directly overhanging the exiled Juan Perón's; she watered her carnations whenever she heard him step out on his terrace, making sure the pots overflowed, and crying in a theatrically loud voice, "Now, quit p---ing, Spot. Quit p---ing on my flowers, you terrible dog!" The water, meanwhile, spilling onto the terrace below, splattering on the rail).

She had been contracted for a cameo role in John Huston's *The Bible*. The script was a thing of beauty; simply wonderful. But she could not mouth the dialogue.

The part was important to her. Her tantrums had given her bad press and a rotten reputation in film circles. She was overweight and haggard. The liquor was telling. She hadn't been given a part in a long time, and she needed the money. She was terrified she wouldn't do well. So, she had moderated her drinking, was dieting and getting to bed early. I went over that brilliant screenplay with her line by line, but she was unable to handle its rhythms. It did me violence to do violence to the dialogue, but I had to recast it for her diction, trying somehow nevertheless to remain faithful to the

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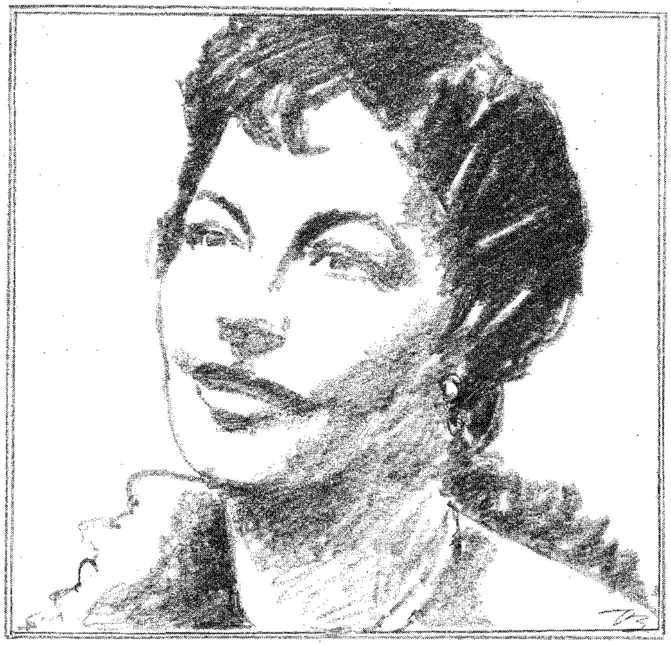
original. It was past ten o'clock when I finally left her place.


Tim Bower

I worked with her on the script two or three evenings a week, three or four hours each session. She would recite the lines, not yet from memory. I would criticize. We'd discuss the meaning of the text and her problems with it. I would edit, banging the keys of a portable typewriter that was set on her living-room coffee table. She'd fix me coffee. She'd fetch me a Coke, or a vodka and tonic. She invited me for supper now and then. One meal was Chinese. Ava was a marvelous cook. The only other person living in the apartment was a black woman who was a hot-headed feminist and bigoted civil-rights liberal (Ava carried the usual ideological baggage also). She was more than just a housekeeper for Ava; she was a companion and confidante. I forget her name. When Ava wasn't rehearsing, she often chatted with the woman about housekeeping matters. Ava dressed generally in slacks or, later, when she had slimmed down, Levis, a baggy sweater, and slippers (when she wasn't barefoot). I could actually see her regain her figure as the weeks went by. The pouches under her eyes softened, or seemed less bruised and baggy. Her skin (she wore no make-up at all) looked healthier. She was regaining her physical allure, which had gone sodden. She looked really wonderful toward the end of that month.

She made the movie. I've never seen it. She telephoned to say her performance had been a success. She sent me a little present, I don't recall what now—some bibelot.

Precious to me are my memories of her simplicity and tender heart. At about this time, Mickey Rooney, her first husband, declared bankruptcy. He was several hundred thousand dollars in the hole. I recollect it was the black woman who recounted that upon hearing the news, Ava wrote out a check to him, leaving the amount blank. Remember: she was comfortably but not extravagantly well off; she was past her prime, at the tag-end of her career. She once waved a royalty check at me. I believe she said it was for $100. "Have you heard me sing?" she asked. I hadn't. She sang a soupy and quite stupid torch song. Badly. "Isn't that too f---ing awful!" she declared, laughing aloud. (I never quite got accustomed to her language.) "But you know something," she then added mischievously, her green eyes flashing (she derived such pleasure from this), "I sang that dumb song in [I forget the movie] . . . and, do you know?—I get a royalty check for it every few months or so! Every time that movie is run in some corner of the world—Tangiers, Hong Kong, Shanghai, doesn't matter—I get a check from the musicians' union. For singing that song, can you believe it?"

She talked to me about her life in North Carolina, and about her family, whom she loved. Ava never wore shoes, she claimed, until she was 17, but that may have been hyperbole. She confessed to a paralyzing fear in public, which she had never got over. Her success she accounted as entirely fortuitous, undeserved. She had no good opinion at all of her acting ability, and I sometimes speculated whether she mistreated her body and reputation so brutally in some kind of reparation for this. We avoided politics, because she was so rabidly liberal, but she kidded me about Barry Goldwater and the campaign. I became a younger brother to her, I think. She trusted me entirely. Once when we were sitting on a sofa—I was working on the script, recasting and recasting the lines, while she looked over my shoulder—she nuzzled into my arms, kissed me on the lips (I was startled), and promptly went to sleep. I stayed there half paralyzed a long while for fear of waking her, feeling her chest heave in deep, even breathing. Finally I laid her to one side, managing not to wake her, and got up from the sofa. She went right on sleeping, snoring unmelodically while I tiptoed out of the apartment.

She never once mentioned the episode. But she hugged me hard thereafter whenever we first met. She asked me about clothes, what looked good on her, what did not. She talked private business with me, producers and directors she liked, film people she couldn't abide. My belief is that before me she'd not had a male acquaintance who wanted nothing from her and had no designs on her. This amazed her, and stirred her affections powerfully.

I never knew a woman, let me add, who to the world was so sensual but who left me sensually speaking so indifferent. I truly loved Ava Gardner, but I was never infatuated by her looks. I did not admire—and I still fail to see the attraction of—that famous Roman profile. It's as if her nose had been broken. Maybe it had. She was a tough lady. She could be wildly funny sometimes, more often than not unconsciously. I remember her anxious excitement when a close relative was expected for a visit. I recall this woman as an overgrown caricature of Ava, not in the least pretty, who used the same sharecropper daughter's language. Ava was (this boggled me to contemplate) agitated about what impression this kinswoman might make on her Spanish friends, both titled and raffish. When the woman arrived, Ava said to her, "I want you to act like a lady. Understand? I live here. This is my city. I want you to act like a lady!" Those were her words, uttered with solemn sincerity. One could have gagged suppressing one's laughter. This was Ava Gardner speaking, whose outrageously scandalous behavior with Luis Miguel Dominguín seven or eight years earlier had led Señor Fontán categorically to ban Hollywood henceforth and forever from his Ritz and Palace hotels, so that some years later so respectable a gentleman as Jimmy Stewart had to resort to a subterfuge to stay there.

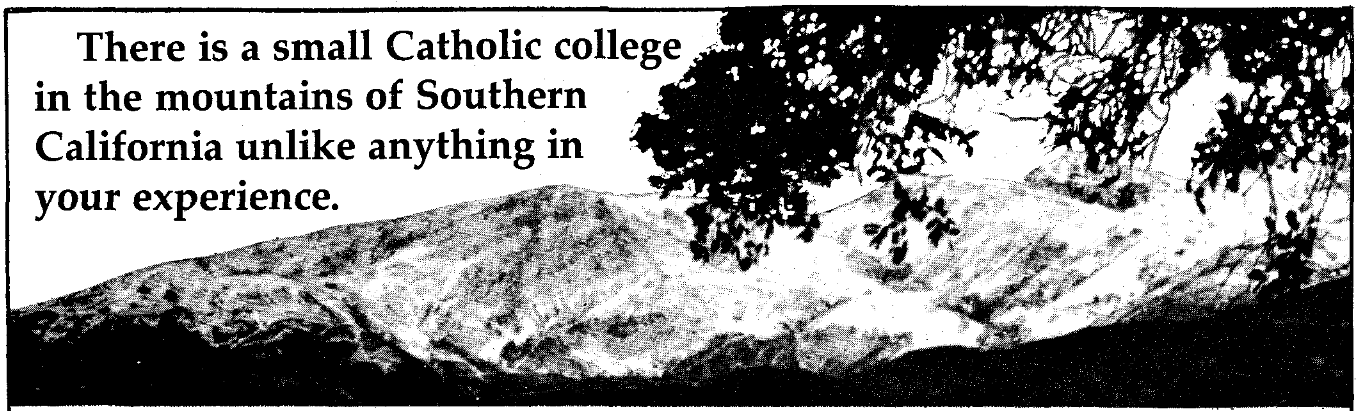
The relative was taken to a bullfight the first or second afternoon of her stay. Her escort was Pepito Lerma, Duke of, and man about town. The evening of the bullfight Ava held a reception in her apartment. The kinswoman stumbled in looking dusty and exhausted, as one is after the *fiesta*. Someone asked her, "How did you enjoy the fight?" That set her off. In a shrill North Carolina country voice, she regaled all within hearing (the entire living room) with just how indeed she had enjoyed it. "Why," she cried indignantly, "I never spent a more f---in' awful afternoon in my f---in' life. That poor f---in' bull came charging out of that f---in' tunnel, and right away a f---in' faggot with a pair of barbs stuck the f---in' animal in the f---in' withers, and then a f---in' fat man on a f---in' horse that looked half dead rammed that poor bull in the f---in' back with a f---in' big pole that had a f---in' big iron point on it thick as my f---in' arm, and drove that pole into the f---in' bull until . . ."

Ava could stand this no longer. She went tearing across the room to the startled woman, shaking her by the shoulders and crying, "I told you a lady never repeats herself!"

Two more anecdotes, before memory closes on them. The only man Ava ever loved with undiminished passion was Frank Sinatra. (Isn't *that* a disappointment!) They fought when they were together, but although they'd been divorced eight or ten years, she had never got over him. One Sunday afternoon I walked into her apartment and found her afire with excitement. Sinatra was flying to Europe! He had to go to Rome or Paris to make a movie, but he would stop over in Madrid. He wanted to see her. He wanted to have lunch with her! He was making a special stop—rearranging his schedule—just to see her.

She was in raptures. This was three weeks away. She'd gone back to hard drinking and rich eating after doing *The Bible*, and now she put herself on a crash diet. She went off liquor entirely. Oh, how the flesh melted away from her hips (she was shorter than one imagined and stocky, with broad shoulders and a wide pelvic structure—a peasant woman's build). Now her skin took on tone, the liverish complexion whitened. Within two weeks she was looking terrific—as well as a 37-year-old woman who had abused her body for so long could look. She began to hum to herself, and seemed to dance with expectation.

I think it was a Saturday that Sinatra was expected to arrive. Ava and I spoke several times that week over the telephone. She could not contain her excitement. On some pretext, I called late in the afternoon of the great day. The telephone rang, but there was no answer. I called again that evening or the next afternoon, I can't remember. (Meanwhile, rumors were flying about town. The reunion had been a disaster!) This time the black woman answered the persistent ring. Could I speak with Ava? No. She was shut up in her room, sleeping. She'd given orders not to be disturbed. Well, when was she expected to be up? The black woman couldn't say, but she did tell me, "Ava's in a bad way. I don't remember ever seeing her so bad."



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I drove to the apartment, which was all the way across town in the newer, northwest barrios. The black woman let me in. She was not a pleasant person, and I never exactly cottoned on to her, but her face was tragic. Ava was still locked in the bedroom. "What happened?" The morning of Sinatra's arrival, Ava had gone to the hairdresser. She wanted to look lovely for him. Something had gone wrong there —she'd been forced to wait, or she couldn't find a taxi (she never drove). She got back to her apartment late, wild with anxiety. She had reason to be. Sinatra had telephoned. He was at the airport, waiting. Where the hell was Ava? (His plane, in fact, had got in a half an hour early.) She telephoned him at the airport. At once, they flared at each other. Within seconds they were trading insults and objurgations. Ava called him a f---ing bastard. She never wanted to f---ing see or f---ing talk to him again, and she slammed down the receiver. Then she wept. She wept a long, long time, and then went to the bar, took out a bottle of Scotch, and began slugging it down. This was the black woman's story.

We were all deeply saddened. Within a month Ava was looking haggard and awful again. She left Madrid and took up residence in London. I did not see her for several months. Election night I kept vigil with BBC, in London. We were on the air from about 9 P.M. London time until 6 or 6:30 the next morning. At 9 or 9:30 I was at Heathrow. First-class passage back to Madrid, courtesy of BBC. When I boarded, I encountered Ava and her black companion. Ava and I greeted each other with hugs and kisses. She was looking chic, I seem to remember, in a black-and-white outfit with a black-and-white hat, or scarf. We arranged to sit next to each other. She ribbed me about the election, Johnson's landslide victory. We were about twenty minutes in passage when the pilot announced that the starboard outboard engine of the Viscount had ceased operating, God save the Queen. We looked out our porthole and verified the fact, God save the mark. Assurances. Cocktails compliments of the captain. Rule Britannia. Ava shrugged her shoulders, plunging a hand into a rucksack or basket she had stowed under her seat, pulling out a bottle (memory dithers between bourbon and vodka—I believe it was not Scotch). "Ask me, this calls for a little serious drinking," she muttered, offering me a slug.

We chatted. Gallows humor. She squeezed my arm in hers. The Viscount made a wide swing back toward that sceptered isle, that gem in the wine-dark sea. About ten minutes along, the port outboard engine quit also. Ava was steadily drinking from the bottle. We limped into Heathrow without further calamity—to be greeted by swarms of photographers. I don't think they knew at the time that Ava Gardner was on the flight, but they spotted her quickly enough. She was stumbling-down drunk and in an ugly mood. I buttonholed a BOAC official. Begged him urgently for a private office. He was decent enough; he at once ushered us into a crew's lounge that had a lock on the door. There was a cot. I shoved Ava and her companion into the room, slamming the door behind them. I stood guard outside it until our resumed flight to Madrid was announced, about an hour later. Ava was not going to make it, I knew. I left without a word, the photographers having given up.

I never saw, spoke to, or heard from her again. But she carved out a big corner in my heart. I grieve for her sad life. I pray to God that He show mercy to her, because she was at bottom such a sweet, affectionate, loyal, and loving woman. □

SOUND ON DISC

Superlatives: Bach & Beethoven

RALPH DE TOLEDANO

THE PUN WAS Beethoven's. "*Bach* [meaning "brook" in German] should be called *Meer* ["ocean"]," he said. For Johann Sebastian was a culmination of the baroque—a sea into which flowed the rivers and currents of Lully in France and Monteverdi in Italy. The term "baroque" itself takes us back to the sea, for it was a Portuguese fisherman's word, *barocco*, a rough, irregular pearl. But if Bach was a gem, it was not until a hundred years after his death that Mendelssohn and Schumann discovered him and began a revival which has continued to this day. Because of this hundred-year hiatus, we may wonder exactly how Bach's music was played, since we have no tradition of performance. He left us very little in his scores to determine tempo and dynamics, or even bowing—this we must approximate.

As a result, musical scholars and researchers have set up standards and criteria: the "objective," which searches for the tiniest index of Bach's method and intent, and the "subjective," which holds that neither time nor river stand still. In what I suppose would be called an example of the former, Jaap Schroder's fine recording of the *Six Sonatas and Partitas* (the Smithsonian Collection ND0382) is quiet and reflective, the double-stops well articulated. I think these sonatas and partitas are better approached in Schroder's fashion, given their compression and development, than in Itzhak Perlman's admittedly more full-bodied, more subjective version (Angel EMI CDS 749483-2). How, a critic once asked, could Bach extract so much, including polyphony, from a small wooden box and a bow of wood and horsehair? The baroque rivers have all flowed into this *Meer*.

The sonatas are part of a Smithsonian package which—with three harpsichord concertos played by James Weaver—includes the *St. John Passion*. This oratorio should be staged as opera, for it packs together more drama, action, and excitement than any work by Verdi or Rossini. This could have been an outlet for Bach, who professed himself to be above Italian opera. For here, the *turbae* of the mobs, the cries of anguish and indignation, and the high tragedy implicit and explicit in John's nonsynoptic Gospel make for great theater—contrasting with the calm, almost disembodied voice of Jesus. Bach's melodic invention was not as great here as in the *St. Matthew Passion*, though both give full voice to the Protestant Reformation. (The Smithsonian Chamber Players and Chorus, conducted by Kenneth Slowik—Smithsonian ND 0381.)

In contrast to the *St. John Pas-*

sion is Bach's *Mass in B Minor*, considered by some to be his greatest work. But perhaps it might be better to think of it as his musical Counter-Reformation, his effort as a devout Lutheran to participate in the *universality* of the Roman Catholic Church. Certainly, in this long work, he incorporated revamped versions of what he had written for Protestant worship. But this does not detract from its essential Catholic nature. It is a work whose *Ite, missa est* should be heard in St. Peter's or in a cathedral of equal dimension. Years ago, Robert Shaw made it more palatable to New York's flightier taste by perking it up with tempos approaching those of the dance, without in any way cheapening it. But now we have an excellent traversal by Otto Klemperer (always on the side of the angels when he conducts Bach), the BBC Chorus, the New Philharmonia Orchestra, and soloists of the caliber of soprano Agnes Giebel and tenor Nicolai Gedda (Angel/EMI CMS 7633642.)

I can offer no suggestion of what Bach might have said about Beethoven had they been contemporaries. Bach's achievement was one of consolidation, Beethoven's of exploration. Both had the completeness and depth of character, of scope and understanding, which few composers who came after Beethoven had. From time to time, Bach nodded Homerically; Beethoven was too busy storming Hell and Heaven and Olympus to doze. So we can be happy that since the advent of compact discs, there has been a spate of Beethoven recordings. And we can be doubly happy that some of these have been entrusted to the new school of the instrumentally and conceptually authentic—the Norringtons, the Hogwoods, the Marriners.

A cynic once remarked, and do not ask me who it was because like Ronald Reagan I have my lapses, that the evolution of music consisted of the survival of the loudest. Orchestras in the classical period consisted of 35 to forty musicians, but Berlioz dreamed of a thousand and Mahler got them. The fortepiano became louder and more brilliant as it developed into the pianoforte, and conductors steadily raised the pitch until sopranos tore out their throat linings. Now I will admit that there is a certain excitement in hearing the Boston or the Philadelphia in full panoply punch out a Mozart or a Beethoven symphony. But in all the soaring of strings and the adventure of brasses, the inner voices go by the boards and the intent of the composer is lost to the will of the conductor.

For corroboration, play the new CD recordings of Beethoven's Sixth (*Pastoral*), Seventh, and Eighth (Polygram/Oiseau Lyre 421 416-2 and 425 695-2) by Christopher Hogwood and the orchestra of the Academy of Ancient Music, and of Beethoven's Fifth and Eighth (Philips 422 071-2) by Neville Marriner and the orchestra of the Academy of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. Perhaps I am reactionary but I like to hear what Beethoven wrote rather than an exposition of orchestral virtuosity. Hogwood in the *Pastoral* has taken to heart Beethoven's warning to "let the listeners work out the situations themselves" and abjure "painting"—so we hear no twittering of birds. The Seventh is not an exercise in Dionysian exegesis or in climbing the proscenium arch, and the *allegretto*, one of Beethoven's most affecting writings, calls out faithfully. Marriner's Fifth, that beautiful and tautly constructed work, takes on its stirring and dramatic contrasts without being a call to arms. These recordings are dedicated to what Beethoven set down and not to the greater glory of the man with the baton.

We have here, too, Rudolf Serkin's traversal of Beethoven's last and greatest piano sonatas (Deutsche Grammophon 427 498-2). Years ago, I heard him playing these sonatas in the concert hall and on recordings. In recollection, they were not as fine and as exciting as those Paul Badura-Skoda has put on vinyl for the French Astrée label. But certainly they were superior to the "classic" recordings of Artur Schnabel. Though Serkin was playing a modern piano whose action is stiffer and whose touch is heavier than the Graf *Hammerflugel* Beethoven used, he did not turn Opera 109, 110, and 111 into lectures, as Schnabel did, on structure—missing what was important thematically in order to adumbrate the underpinnings. But in this new CD recording, Serkin's tempos are draggingly slow, particularly in the *Adagio molto semplice e cantabile*—the last movement of Opus 111. This is sad. There was always a poetic stir to Serkin's playing, gentler but akin to Beethoven's. On this recording, he sounds tired. ☐

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THE GIMLET EYE

A Redneck in Athens

D. KEITH MANO

FLEW Olympic to Athens, the lady wife and me, each plane named for a Greek god or hero. (*Icarus* was overdue.) I admit it is kinda unsettlin' the way Greek folk applaud when you come down safe—as if this was some 50–50 proposition maybe. Scary, too, comin' across a tank parked outside Athens airport. Fact is, since Mr. Reagan said, "Don't give 'em no target, see America first," there hasn't been much U.S. tourism in Greece. I can understand it: we went Olympic so as to pass for Mediterranean-type people. Mind now, I'd die for the red, white, and blue—but I'll convert to Canadian before I squat forever in a little room listenin' at some haywire terrorist talk Allah. Nathan Hale had it easy.

Athens is sure a striking town. The airport was on strike when we got there. Cabbies, buses, and *museums* went out next. They even shut down the Acropolis one full day—and Athens without an Acropolis might as well be downtown Burbank at best. January, February, we was told, is strike season in Greece. Union elections come up about then, so if you're the Acropolis Local #383 shop steward and you haven't struck, you're less use than seaweed wrap on dysentery.

Truth to say, I prefer an Athens cabdriver when he *is* on strike. Honest boondoogle like that I can forgive. You've heard tell about wildcat strikes? A Greek cabbie will go out on wildcat *employment*. Roof light lit, roof light off, it don't matter, he won't stop for no sake. Unless he got four people and one mattress aboard already—then, screek, he'll halt on a drachma. Of course, you could blow out your hernia patch before he'd bend down for any suitcase. And what the meter say, might be his cholesterol level or some lottery number, it sure isn't your fare. No sir, an "extra rate" is in effect just that day. Greek folk hope the 1996 Olympic to-do gets set down in their capital. After all, that first Marathon man, back around 490 B.C., was a messenger no cabbie would pull over for. Very special Olympics it is going to be.

The weather was fine, what-all we could see of her. Blue-black smog is hunkered down over Athens like five-o'clock shadow on a psychotic. After one hour outside my left eye grew burning glaucoma over it. And this was in the off-peak season. Ten thousand orange trees bloom and squeeze off grey-bottomed fruit—not even homeless folk will eat it. The water supply is set to give notice. One hundred thousand more people move into Athens each year. Old Homer wouldn've sung about the prune-juice-colored ocean. It is altogether comforting when you come across such American problems abroad. A great tribute, I guess, to the Marshall Plan.

Worse yet, there is *no history* in Athens. Yup, you heard me. The very thing I hauled myself five thousand miles to see it don't have at all. Natch there is your strikebound Acropolis and a good museum or so (all the excavatin' done, it seems, by non-Greek archaeologists). You can drive north to Delphi or south to Mycenae, both fun. But between Plato and, oh, last April, Athens is Houston, Texas. My guide book says right here: "you'll find hardly a monument to attest to the city's history for the past 18 centuries." Eighteen double 0 and nothing. Nothing since hardly Christ was born. Until about 1850 Athens was a village of five thousand people and the Parthenon. Now there are over three and a half million people and scarce one church worth visitin' other than on Sunday. This I figure's a tourist fraud of felony size, and someone should print a retraction.

O' course, the wife and me went to this guaranteed authentic folk-dance *bouzoukia*. (There wasn't no decent Greek coffee shop like you can find on Broadway.) We heard bouzouki plunk and saw native folk with a door knob stuck on each shoetip frolic and jump in the pleasant native way. But again we got fobbed off. This *bouzoukia* stuff is Anatolian and Balkan in origin, the guide book says, and only come to Athens around 1920. By that standard of ancientness Woodrow Wilson would be Moses himself. Moreover, when we least expect it, zammo, out pops a belly dancer, lookin' not near as well as Mrs. Brookhiser does, I'm sure. Right in front of the women and children. Well, I hid my eyes. Nakedness I can bear: this is 1990 after all. But *folk* nakedness will make me blush every time. No tellin' what half-sane custom might rear up in a country where ouzo is the national drink. Tastes as though someone come and shellacked your palate with lipstick. I will not speculate what an ouzo hangover feels like.

NOW SHOWING

Born on the Fourth of July, directed by the unlikable Oliver Stone, is a gripping, unrelenting, and extremely powerful work. Its shortcomings evaporate from memory; its strengths are indelible. Tom Cruise is altogether impressive as the bitter vet, who turns from clean-cut hawk into hippie war protestor.

Camille Claudel is the rather faithfully reported story of Rodin's mistress. As biography it rates a 9½; as a film, roughly a 5. Isabelle Adjani and Gérard Depardieu are mostly effective, and the best cinematography I have seen all year makes it, for me, a must.

Driving Miss Daisy transfers an intimate three-character play to the screen without losing its modest, bittersweet charm. As played by Jessica Tandy and Morgan Freeman, Miss Daisy and her chauffeur are infinitely rich in shading.

Glory takes too many liberties with history, but it is worth watching for the performances of Matthew Broderick, Denzel Washington, and Morgan Freeman; consummate ensemble acting.

My Left Foot is an unsentimental portrayal of an Irish lad afflicted with cerebral palsy who grew up to be an acclaimed writer and painter—with his left foot. Daniel Day Lewis gives a performance of awesome authenticity leavened with roguish, iconoclastic wit.

—JOHN SIMON

Mr. Simon's next review will run in the May 14 issue.

Met this U.S. expatriate readin' *Siddhartha* near the university which was on strike. He put it all in perspective like "There is so much energy here," he said, "but no one knows what to do with it. Democracy, socialism, free market, planned economy? They have no consensus for anything. There is just constant frustration." I reckon that says it loud and clear.

Lest I get hit with an ethnic bias charge, I confess t'being Greek myself. Everyone sure thought I looked authentic. Special when my wife bought me some worry beads for my own self. This here secular rosary, so to speak, is a great invention ranking right up with *Oedipus* and souvlaki. You grip the doohickus in one hand and flip her around, clack-clack, like some cop with his nightstick. Better than Valium.

Nowadays, though, no travel is too disconcertin', and God bless Ted Turner for it. You can always close your hotel curtain, flip on CNN, and pretend New Jersey might be outside. Except that the toilets are built (you know what I mean) *backward*. And no one in Europe has yet invented the washcloth. ☐

DELECTATIONS

Wandering Thoughts

NIKA HAZELTON

NOWADAYS, I think a lot. Before, I never had time to think, being preoccupied with practical details—meeting deadlines for columns; getting myself and my family to the airport (or train station, or bus station) on time; choosing hotels and restaurants and making reservations. All this requires thought of a sort, to be sure; but I never sat down to contemplate the past and the future, both the nice and the nasty things. But now I do, and I am surprised by some of the things I recall.

I remember the chickens my Uncle Josef used to keep on the terrace of his apartment in Rome, and how, when scarcely old enough to walk alone, I loved to feed them corn. And I remember the time I was snatched by gypsies at the Villa Borghese. I was very sad at being snatched back by our maid—I would have loved the gypsy life, as described by my mother (although I now realize that I would have been temperamentally unsuited to be a gypsy). And I was especially sad when the law apprehended the gypsies simply for trying to snatch a high-born child.

As I think of those days, I remember the scandalized way my mother talked of *"quelle donne"*—"those women," who wore hats like respectable ladies when they went out. And that reminds me of my father's hat box, a large, unwieldy leather monstrosity, which survived him by many years until one day I finally summoned the courage to throw it out. And yet the solitary splendor in which that box had carried one perfect panama hat—with four wooden corner pieces to make sure it was not jostled about—had made a strong impression on me as a small child.

I also recall myself later on, as a young girl, going to see my father in his office. I looked, or so I thought, very chic in my new outfit *à la* Isadora Duncan (who had died not long before). I wore a headband over long, flowing golden hair, a sacklike green robe (*robe* is the only word to describe that garment), and sandals on my large bare feet. My father wasted no words. He hustled me to the back door and, after taking a cautious look to make sure no one was passing by, ordered me out, with words to the effect of: Never, but *never*, again come to see me dressed in such a tramp's outfit.

I remember later still, when I was in Brazil with my first husband, how a girlfriend and I, wearing modest navy dresses, rode about the interior of the country, where women are simply *comme il faut*, and where a good mule is much more expensive than a horse, since a mule will feed itself whereas a horse has to be fed (or so the locals say). We rode to the Araguaia River, where we dined on fried turtle meat and on turtle's eggs beaten with sugar. But I wish I remembered if a turtle's egg is shaped like a hen's egg or is simply round. We slept in somebody's house in a red hammock, fastened to strong hooks on the walls. The house was not uncomfortably hot, for, as in all Brazilian homes in the interior, the walls between the rooms stopped a yard short of the ceiling, allowing plenty of air to circulate.

I remember the remarkable statuary in Brazil, such as one piece I saw in São Paulo in which a naked Verdi, sitting in an armchair, is hovered over by an equally naked muse. I also recall that even very small, shabby towns always had elegant new jails.

I really try to think more serious thoughts, and sometimes I am drawn to do so, as when reading the current news I remember seeing a Soviet soldier shoot a man dead just as he was reaching the shore of free Germany, swimming for dear life in a canal in the middle of Berlin. I cannot imagine why the Soviets should be trusted.

But then, when I think of the two friends, Chesterton and Belloc—as I often do—I find myself wishing I could remember the rest of Belloc's Christmas carol: "May all my enemies go to hell. Noël, Noël." And I recall that my younger son would have been named Noel, had he been born on Christmas, when I expected him, rather than on February 2. ☐

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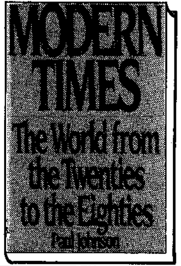

TRANS-O-GRAM / *Kem Putney*

1 Q	2 D	3 A	■	4 B	5 E	6 M	7 P	■	8 S	9 L	■	10 I	11 E	12 J	13 H	14 O	15 C	16 A	17 T
■	18 N	19 D	20 E	21 I	22 M	23 Q	24 R	25 G	■	26 K	27 F	28 C	■	29 P	30 N	31 A	32 B	■	33 D
34 I	35 M	■	36 Q	37 T	38 L	39 R	40 H	41 D	42 M	43 A	44 K	■	45 S	46 B	47 A	48 F	49 Q	50 O	■
51 I	52 J	■	53 N	54 C	55 G	■	56 B	57 D	58 R	59 M	60 L	61 Q	62 S	63 J	64 F	65 C	■	66 O	67 G
■	68 A	69 D	70 H	71 N	72 C	73 F	74 I	75 Q	76 G	77 P	■	78 K	79 H	80 E	■	81 O	82 J	83 L	■
84 E	85 S	86 B	87 O	88 D	89 A	■	90 J	91 H	92 P	93 I	94 M	95 D	96 Q	■	97 F	98 C	99 J	100S	101K
102A	103O	104I	105G	106F	■	107E	108G	■	109I	110R	111A	112J	113L	■	114D	115R	116E	117M	118K
119B	120T	121H	122O	■	123I	124A	125K	■	126M	127L	128E	129Q	■	130R	131O	132H	■	133S	134N
135B	136D	137L	■	138Q	139T	140P	141C	142R	■	143K	144G	145A	146M	147O	148P	■	149Q	150N	■
151E	152S	153Q	154H	155F	156K	157B	■	158K	159F	160C	161E	162N	163J	164L	■	■	■	■	■

DEFINITIONS

A.	97-pound weakling's Waterloo (2 words)	47 124 89 102 31 16 111 3 43 68 145
B.	Precision	119 135 4 56 86 46 157 32
C.	Full of freshness and vigor	65 98 160 28 54 72 141 15
D.	Bizarre	19 136 33 114 69 57 88 41 95 2
E.	Disoriented type of cake (hyph.)	116 151 128 5 161 11 80 107 84 20
F.	A-1	64 27 48 106 73 159 97 155
G.	Suite units	105 108 67 76 144 55 25
H.	Piece of jewelry	79 132 40 13 70 91 154 121
I.	Pulsating	21 34 74 51 123 10 104 109 93
J.	Source of Satan's warmth?	82 112 99 90 52 63 12 163
K.	Needed	118 158 143 101 26 125 156 78 44
L.	Dead	127 38 9 60 113 83 164 137
M.	Dry up	94 59 22 42 146 117 126 6 35
N.	Literary genre	150 162 18 53 71 134 30
O.	Like enfeebled legislation	103 147 66 81 131 87 14 50 122
P.	Dieter's concern (var.)	140 77 148 29 92 7
Q.	Occasion	149 138 36 129 61 1 49 75 23 96 153
R.	Consecrates with oil	115 39 110 58 24 130 142
S.	Groups of educated groupers	152 45 133 85 8 100 62
T.	Whig's foe	120 139 37 17

DIRECTIONS

The object of TRANS-O-GRAM is to fill in the puzzle diagram by guessing the words from their definitions, and transferring each letter of the guessed word to the correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. When the diagram is filled in it will spell out a quotation from some published work (reading normally from left to right, black boxes indicating the ends of words); also, when the words have all been filled in above, their initial letters will spell out the author and title of the quoted work. The acrostic feature, and the relative word-lengths in the diagram, will assist in the solution. Spelling and definitions on the authority of *Webster's New International Dictionary*, Second Edition. **See page 61 for solution to last Trans-O-Gram.**

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Solution to Last Issue's Trans-O-Gram

SHIREEN HUNTER:

A Dying Empire

The Soviet Union's military crackdown against the Azerbaijani nationalist movement seems to have stopped the violence. But its problems with Asian nationalities are likely to get worse, with consequences spreading far beyond Soviet borders.

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ON THE RIGHT / Wm. F. Buckley Jr.

A History of The Cold War?

NEW YORK, MARCH 12

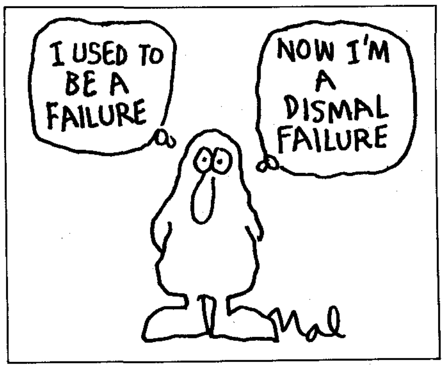
A distinguished British historian, an old personal friend (we were roommates at school) suggested seriously that I undertake to write a history of the cold war. I told him my book-writing time was mortgaged through 1994; and one can reasonably expect a forest of Cold War R.I.P. books in the interval. But the proposition stayed with me and bore fruit, as follows:

1. Any book on the cold war should take seriously the thought of those who participated in it, and agonizingly predicted the defeat of the West. Most widely recognized among these was Whittaker Chambers. His lament, anthologizable in the literature of despair, was phrased in a personal letter to me written in 1954. He said: "The enemy—he is ourselves. That is why we can hope to do little more now than snatch a fingernail of a saint from the rack or a handful of ashes from the faggots, and bury them secretly in a flowerpot against the day, ages hence, when a few men begin again to dare to believe that there was once something else, that something else is thinkable, and need some evidence of what it was, and the fortifying knowledge that there were those who, at the great nightfall, took loving thought to preserve the tokens of hope and truth."

And there was Solzhenitsyn, who wrote in this journal and elsewhere that over a very few years he had witnessed the collapse of the will of the West. That for a period during the Fifties and Sixties, the uncoordinated resistance within the Soviet Union—a spiritual fraternity, really—had reason to think of the West as an immovable wall, against which the Soviet Union would not, could not prevail; but that after our retreat from Vietnam, and our insensitivity to so much that the Communists were engaged in, culminating with the declaration of martial law in Poland, there was little reason to hope that we would prevail.

The historian must examine the thought of such as Chambers and Solzhenitsyn without donning pathologists' robes. Their concern was deeply rooted in objective analysis—but objective analysis of Western weakness, not of Communist weakness. This is a point to stress.

2. Whereas we can proudly say that the Western will presented formidable obstacles to Soviet expansionism, we need to say this carefully. The Soviets' last successful diplomatic offensive brought them the INF treaty. We think little of it at this point because the prospect of a Soviet military drive across Eastern Europe has all but faded. But the offensive was dramatically and frighteningly successful. Any future general at a war exercise, studying the political culture of the late 1980s, would be justified in concluding that the disappearance from Europe of theater nuclear weapons of a range extensive enough to reach the Soviet Union left the potential enemy with a measure of security it had not dreamed of getting in early negotiations. The West was left with: strategic weapons, at closest range, from submarines in the Baltic Sea. But the firing of such weapons, aimed at slowing down or aborting a Soviet blitzkrieg, would have been seen by the Kremlin as the equivalent of the firing of weapons from Omaha. And our knowledge that such would be the Soviet reaction would have resulted in: preventing the submarines from firing. The Europe of 1989 might well have been converted, as little as one year later, into a neutralist Europe headed by an anti-nuclear political party in Germany, to be joined by an anti-nuclear political party in Great Britain. Meanwhile, the United States had acquiesced in what seems like a permanent satellite government in Afghanistan, had refused to take decisive action in Nicaragua, and then . . .


I USED TO BE A FAILURE
NOW I'M A DISMAL FAILURE
Mal

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3. And then, as some of us believers might put it, God cleared His throat. And lo, on March 11, 1990, the little state of Lithuania declared that it was independent of the Soviet Union. It is reasonably expected that Latvia and Estonia will follow, in the footsteps of Poland, and East Germany, and Czechoslovakia, and Rumania, and Bulgaria. A triumph of Western policy?

Only if one chooses to believe that the mere survival of the West was itself triumphant. It is forever to the credit of the West that it elected to remain a nuclear power, exercising the deterrent club, the shield which so many Westerners argued we should do without.

But it was the agony of life under Communism that dictated the outcome. The West might have reason to bask in its diplomatic prowess if it had taken less than 45 years to liberate the swollen kingdom of the slaves. They were liberated primarily by the shortage of bread in the motherland of the proletariat, rather than by the abundance of it in the West. No history of the cold war will successfully assert that the demise of the Soviet Empire was a triumph of Western diplomacy. What we did, essentially, was to stand still. And, in the case of some, to pray for divine intercession. □

The Faces of Russia

NEW YORK, MARCH 7

In a morning's reading, a view of Russia and Russians:

1. Grace Warnecke, who as the daughter of Ambassador George Kennan went to school in Moscow, writes in the *International Herald Tribune* of a return there. "I went to visit a friend from school days . . . She met me with a diatribe of despair. 'You can't imagine, Grace, how bad things are. There is nothing to buy—almost nothing to eat—and prices are rising. You can't get anything done without a bribe, and that can't even be money. Who wants our money? It's worthless.

"'. . . And the crime—you can't believe the crime now. Everyone is on the take. We have a mafia; they have taken over the cooperatives.'

"I reminded her of our years together during the Stalin era. 'Look at the difference between life then and now,' I said.

"'In the old days,' she replied, 'we

didn't have much, but we suffered equally. . . . Now, there are ruble millionaires and they make their money at the expense of the rest of us. Everyone who can leave is leaving. I told my son and his family, if you have a chance, go—there is no hope here.' "

2. And the (London) *Sunday Times Magazine* on the Aral Sea, perhaps the most spectacular ecological disaster in the world. Twenty years ago Soviet planners decided to refresh Siberia by reversing the flow of rivers that ran through the Aral Sea. Today this once fertile region of Central Asia is described by Soviet journalists and scientists. The *Times*' summary: "Where mothers' milk is too poisonous for their infants to drink. Where the air degrades everything it touches, from buildings to living human tissues. Where physical deformity and mental retardation are too common to be noticeable. . . . Where the drinking water is toxic and the soil so full of salt that nothing will grow in it.

"Such a place, beyond all earthly comparison, is the Aral basin, where thirty million lives have been devastated by a venomous mix of bureaucratic folly and agricultural malpractice; and where the ministry responsible for the disaster now wants to turn its man-made hell into an international holiday resort."

3. And then *USA Today* music critic David Patrick Stearns. "The word on Russian baritone Dmitri Hvorostovsky is that he looks like Rudolf Nureyev and sings like God. Having heard him last December in London, I think that's a slight understatement—he's better looking than Nureyev and too musically impossible to be so ethereal. He also typifies what we've been missing in the *glasnost* age: the sort of artist only the Soviet Union seems to produce—superhuman technical capabilities coupled with a personality that alters the way you think about music. . . . He's just about the most generous performer you can imagine. In London, he sang encore after encore (some of them Russian folk songs) with an intensity that made you fear for his well-being."

And, finally, an international footnote, on a back page of the *Tribune*. "Ethiopia /Abandons / Marxism As / A Failure. *Addis Ababa, Ethiopia*—President Mengistu Haile Mariam has declared a failure the Marxist economic system he and fellow army officers imposed . . . In a speech Monday to the Central Committee of the ruling Marxist Workers' Party, Colonel Mengistu said he wanted a return to capitalism. The embattled president is fighting two bitter guerrilla wars simultaneously and facing cuts in aid from his principal benefactor, the Soviet Union. In recent months, Colonel Mengistu has taken many small, seemingly halfhearted steps to attract foreign investment and encourage domestic production, but his speech Monday appeared a near total capitulation to capitalism."

Amazing how word gets around! Adam Smith's book on the *Wealth of Nations* was published in 1776. □

Harvard Discovers Supply Side

NEW YORK, MARCH 14

Mr. Dan Rostenkowski has succeeded in ever so slightly moving Mr. Bush's lips, or so we are led to believe. The Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee proposes a plan to end the deficit by 1994. This would be accomplished by taxing gasoline, cigarettes, and alcohol, and by raising the 28 per cent top tax rate to 33 per cent. The Bush Administration is evidently tempted.

Mr. Bush's freeze on higher taxes made sense, as it was wise to consolidate the 1986 reforms until we could get a little perspective on them. We have this now, and have most pointedly to be grateful to economist Lawrence Lindsey, on leave from Harvard, and now associate director for domestic economic policy at the White House. One hopes he has the presidential ear. (It pays to remind oneself that to have a White House address doesn't necessarily mean that you ever get to see the President, let alone talk to him.)

Professor Lindsey begins his book (*The Growth Experiment*) with a charming and unusual confession. He began his scholarly inquiries by doubting that supply-side economics was more merely than a superstition. Moreover, he accepted the convention that Paul Volcker's sharp reduction in the money supply, several months before the inauguration of Mr. Reagan, was the critical factor in bringing down inflation. He has discovered that it was otherwise: What reduced inflation and spurred the great growth of the Eighties was: the two tax reforms, 1981 and 1986. Moreover, although these reforms did cost revenue, they were responsible for a 2 to 3 per cent growth in economic output, thereby hugely outdistancing in production what they cost in revenue. Professor Lindsey's point now is that we have learned enough to coach us on where to go. He proposes a tax package which will increase productivity by stimulating sensible economic behavior and by significantly easing the burden on the little taxpayer. Are you ready?

—Eliminate all federal taxes for single persons earning less than $6,000, and couples earning less than $12,000. Increase to $5,000 the exemption for each dependent under age three, $3,000 for each dependent over three. Extend to the lower- and middle-income classes a deductibility on rent, even as upper-income earners enjoy a deductibility on mortgage interest.

—Restore the IRA deductions, eliminated by the 1986 law, and jack them up to $5,000 per year: tax-free savings.

—And: lower the tax rate to a single figure: 19 per cent, including capital gains.

So much for the good news. How would the loss in revenue be made up?

—Tax business on cash flow, rather than on "profits," which can approach near-inscrutability.

—Limit the deductibility of home mortgages to $10,000 (now $1 million). It is Mr. Lindsey's point here that home ownership should be encouraged, but not the building of mansions.

—Tax the whole of a wage-earner's income (above the $12,000). This includes health services, e.g. (It is an old saw but true that General Motors pays more for health services for its employees than it pays for steel for its cars.)

—Limit the deductibility of state taxes to burdens that exceed 6 per cent of the taxpayer's income. Such state taxes, it is Mr. Lindsey's point, as provide enjoyable amenities, e.g., good schools, nice beaches, heated swimming pools, are properly taxable.

"If you are like most taxpayers," writes Mr. Lindsey in *Forbes* Magazine, "you want to know what this means for you. Do not count on any big tax cut. What you gain from lower marginal rates you will probably lose through lost mortgage-interest and local-tax deductions. . . . Except for low- and moderate-income families with children, just about everyone will have to pay just about as much tax as now in absolute terms. . . .

"What's the point, then? This system changes not total tax bills but the incentives people face. . . . It takes the lessons of supply-side economics learned through the Kennedy and Reagan tax cuts and applies them to all taxpayers, middle- and working-class as well as well-to-do."

It is time for Mr. Bush to part his lips. Somebody please give him Mr. Lindsey's phone number in the White House. □

(Universal Press Syndicate)

OFF THE RECORD

■ Representative Newt Gingrich (R., Ga.) was vindicated by the House ethics committee, but you'd have to look pretty closely at the fine print to find that out. A front-page *Washington Times* account, for example, ran under the headline, "Gingrich to Be 'Admonished' on One Ethics Count." The body of the story put the word admonished in quotation marks, even though it does not appear in the ethics committee's official letter. Similar wording appeared in other stories, which landed on the front doorsteps of local *Post* and *Times* subscribers before Mr. Gingrich had even been informed of the findings. CBS had the story the evening before.

This, of course, is what the Beltway means when it speaks of ethics. First, Mr. Gingrich was left hanging for a year even though many Democrats themselves admitted there was nothing to the charges. Then he was not informed of the findings until his opponents had had the chance to put a spin on them, ensuring that the headlines would be not "Gingrich Cleared" but "Gingrich Admonished." The committee's actual letter, delivered by fellow Republican John Myers (Ind.) during the seminar given by former President Richard Nixon, said that it had "dismissed the complaints" but brought two minor items (involving a loan he co-signed for his daughter and a letter sent out from his office to promote a senior citizens' cruise) to Mr. Gingrich's attention for correction.

Obviously, there was a leak, and suspicions focus on Representative Bill "I Have Here a List of Two Hundred Charges" Alexander (D., Ark.). The gentleman from Arkansas is still smarting from having been exposed by Mr. Gingrich for chartering an Air Force jet to Brazil for a personal junket, with the taxpayers footing the $65,000 bill. In the end Mr. Alexander's charges cost the Republican Whip about $100,000 in legal fees and the taxpayers about $300,000, raising the question whether there should be some penalty for a congressman who files charges with no substance. The committee itself noted that Mr. Alexander's charges "were not supported by facts and appeared to be more in the nature of speculation." *Quis custodiet ipsos custodes?*

■ Meanwhile, Representative Duncan Hunter (R., Calif.) has his own problems with the Democrats in his district. In a special election for the Assembly they ran a woman who is essentially a liberal Democrat on the Republican ticket—and won. The woman's name happens to be Tricia Hunter, and taking advantage of the confusion she came up with campaign posters looking remarkably similar to those of Mr. Hunter. In a telephone survey, many voters said they thought Miss Hunter was his wife or sister.

California state law allows people to vote in either party's primary without having to register a party affiliation beforehand. In an area with about a third more Republicans than Democrats, the strategy was to use Democratic crossovers to give Miss Hunter the margin in the primary and then push to get out these same Democratic voters in the election. Groups such as the California Abortion Rights Action League, the National Organization for Women, and the California Nurses Association began lobbying accordingly. In a letter paid for by the California Nurses Association PAC, Janet Bear noted that "as Democrats, we have the power to decide what kind of Republican gets elected."

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They did. Since the election Congressman Hunter's office has compared the voting totals for the six candidates in the primary against the number of registered Democrats and Republicans; it shows beyond any doubt that Miss Hunter was elected by Democrats. Indeed, the conservative backed by Congressman Hunter, Dick Lyle, ran a write-in campaign after having been robbed in the primary and captured an astounding 38 per cent of the vote. Had the situation been reversed, we would all have been treated to lengthy exposés about Lee Atwater's dirty tricks. As it is we'll have to wait for the June primaries, when Assemblywoman Hunter faces a strong pro-life challenge.

■ Some Administration figures are wondering whether the proposed military-base cuts are going to mean sending American homeless instead of American dollars to the Philippines. Sound crazy? Well, when the President was asked during one of the debates with Michael Dukakis what he was going to do about the homeless, he pledged to uphold the McKinney Act. The response was mostly blank expressions, since few people know exactly what the Stewart B. McKinney Homeless Act is. As it turns out, one of its provisions gives the homeless dibs on abandoned federal facilities, which would seem to include U.S. bases. Wait until homeless activist Mitch Snyder finds out.

■ Finally, during one of his rounds through the Beltway's byways, Cato stumbled across yet another good reason for spending billions on the B-2: to prevent it from being spent on projects such as the one to train Caribbean health-care providers to teach people correct condom use. Included in the glossy packet were three brightly colored samples and a giggly report from fieldworker Diane Renaud entitled "How I Taught Three Hundred Men in Trinidad to Use Condoms." The package was prepared by AIDSCOM, an organization funded by the U.S. Agency for International Development and dedicated to spreading the gospel of the condom from Manila to Managua. Imagine what they'd do with a peace dividend. —CATO

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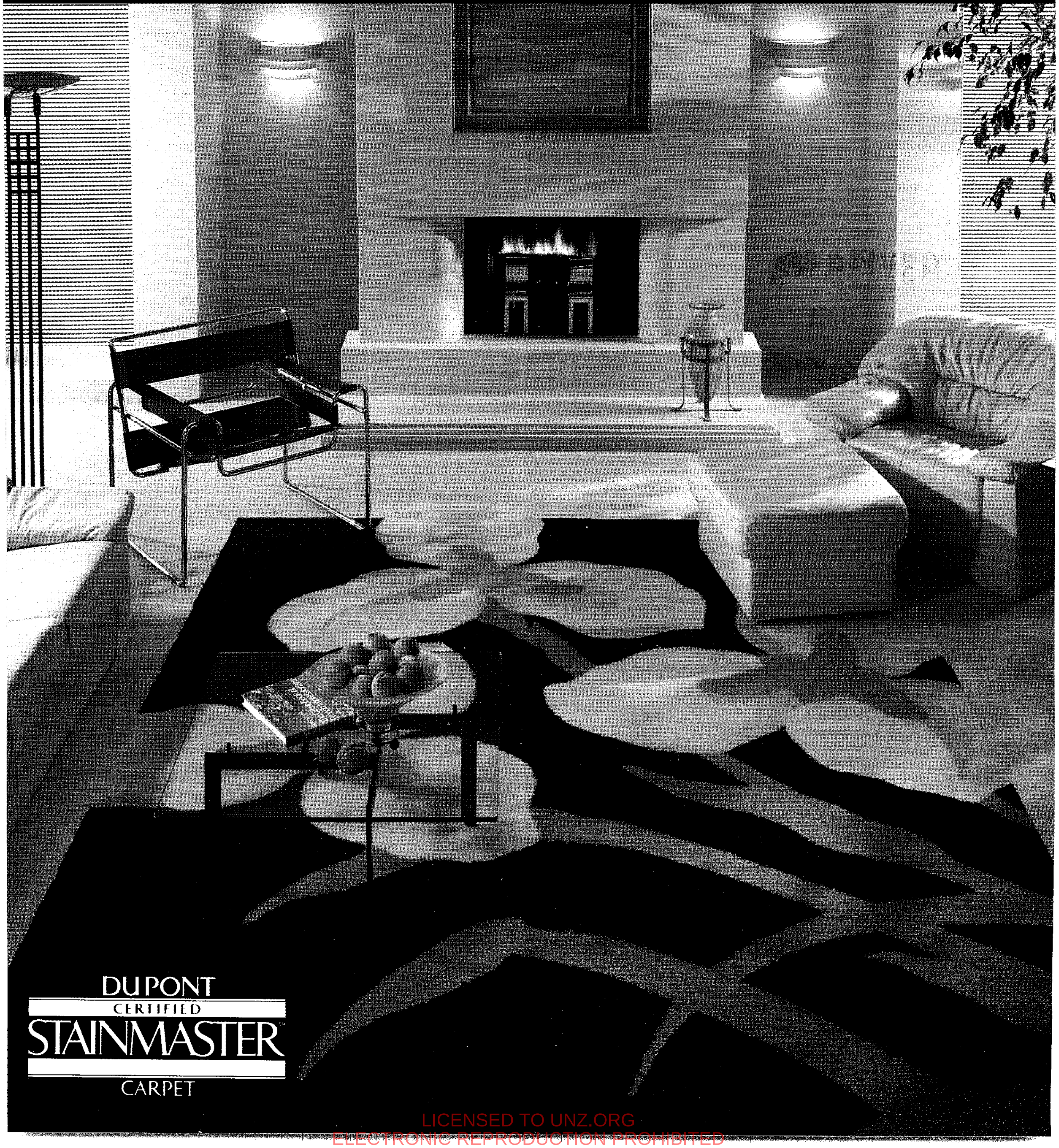

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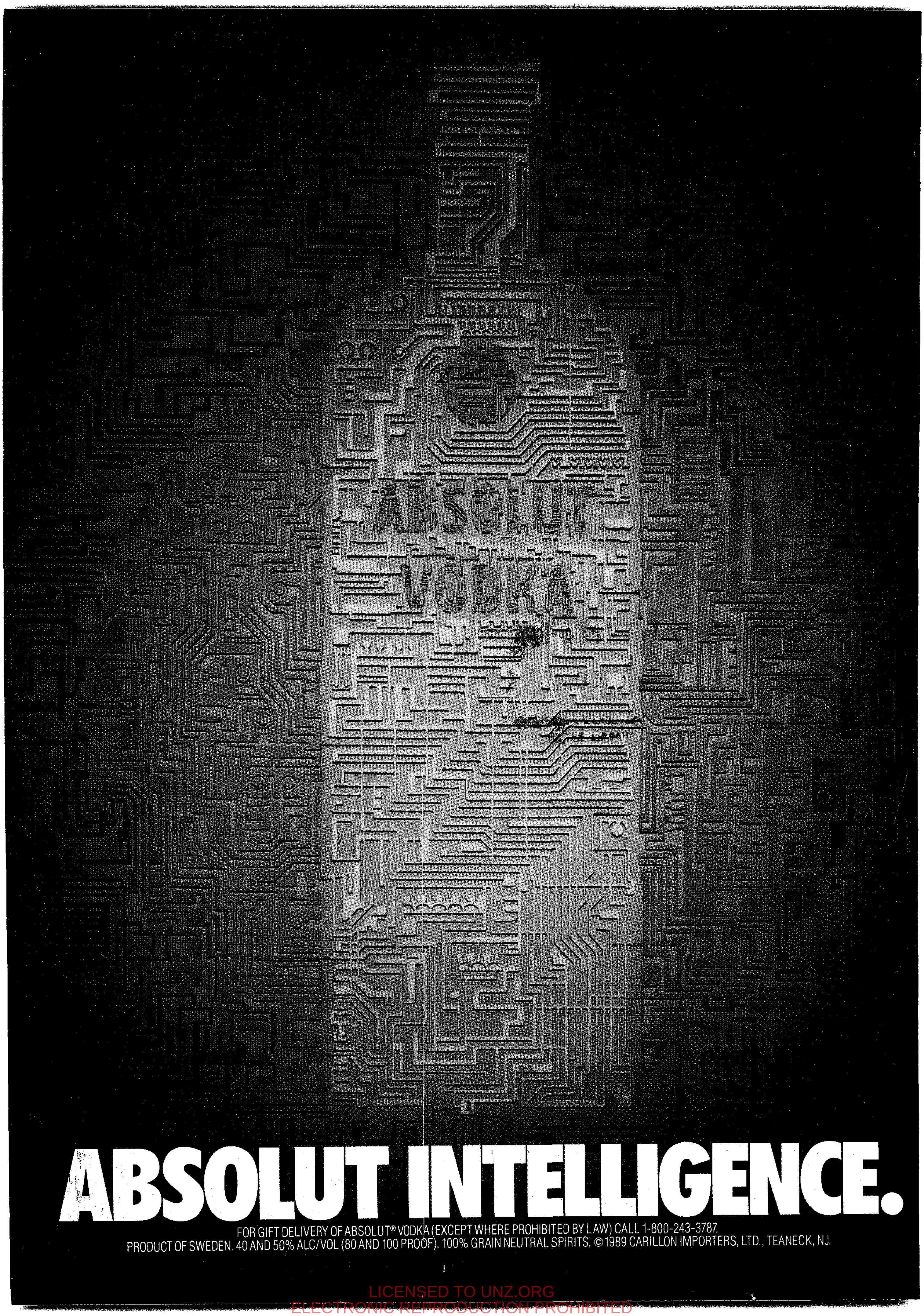
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